James J. Hill and His School for Railway Presidents

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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James J. Hill and His School for Railroad Presidents

By Paul Latzke

EUGENE, who since time out of mind has waited on the "round table" reserved for newspaper men, was laying napkins for luncheon, when the Man from St. Paul suddenly exclaimed: "By George! there is James J. Hill, or else it's his twin!"

A rather short, stocky, broad-shouldered man, with full iron-gray beard, had just entered the door. Without looking to the right or left, he marched down the aisle between the tables and, seeming to pay no attention to the matter, found a seat where the light was strong and the view fair. He removed his closely buttoned overcoat and handed the waiter his hat. The Man from St. Paul had watched him closely. As the hat went off he said:

"No; it's not Hill, though he's enough like him to deceive any one, except for the fact that he has less hair."

"Who's Hill?" languidly asked one of the "round table" company. The others conceded not even a languid interest. They went on breaking the French bread. The Man from St. Paul was clearly enraged.

"Who's Hill?" he snorted with fine scorn. "Who's Hill? There isn't a man in this distinguished company"—waving his hand contemptuously, and taking in all his newspaper friends—"who doesn't know all about the little gamblers who have happened to make a strike from time to time in Wall Street, or the King of the Dudes who parades the Tenderloin, or Dry-Dollar Sullivan, or Abe Hummel, and other distinguished citizens who have been fortunate enough to carry the New York hallmark for some years; but not one of you knows who James J. Hill is, do you?"

All hands admitted that the indictment was correct. The Man from St. Paul held his peace for some minutes, silent with indignation. Then he went on:

"You fellows are a fair example of this whole town and its institutions. Without exception, New York is the narrowest and most provincial town in America. New Yorkers know absolutely nothing about men and things on the other side of the Hudson, and care less. They have dinned it into their own ears so persistently that little old New York is the only place on earth, that nothing else counts. That the greatest achievements in America are by no chance ever brought into being on Manhattan Island makes not the slightest difference. That the greatest men in the country to-day were all born elsewhere, though a great many of them may have come here afterward to live, is commonly ignored even where the fact is known. With New York and New Yorkers a man is of no account, and of less importance, until he comes here to live, or else until he turns one of their institutions upside down and kicks it into the river. All of you will know some day who James J. Hill is. The time is not far off when not one of you will dare ask his city editor, 'Who's Hill?' on pain of being fired on the spot as an ignorant dunderhead."

How Mr. Hill's Fame Grew in the East

Events delayed the consummation of the St. Paul man's prophecy somewhat. The Spanish War came in between, for this conversation occurred more than three years ago. But every man who sat about that "round table" and listened indulgently to the tirade against New York's narrowness has come to admit its truth. To-day one of the most important figures in America, from the standpoint of the New York newspaper, is Mr. Hill. He came to New York, as foreshadowed, and kicked one of her institutions, her most cherished institution, Wall Street, if not literally into the river, at least high up into the atmosphere, and now he is proclaimed far and wide. His fame reaches from the tenement-house to the palace, from the Bowery to Delmonico's. Few are so lowly and ignorant that the name Hill, and the man's personality, are unknown to them. Recently, I was standing on the rear platform of a Third Avenue trolley car, when the conductor said to me during a scrappy conversation:

"That man Hill's done them all up, hasn't he?"

"Done whom up? The Croker crowd, you mean?"

"The Croker crowd? What's he got to do with the Croker crowd? I didn't know he was in politics."

"Oh, I thought you meant Governor Hill!"

"No; not Governor Hill. Who's Governor Hill?"

"David Bennett Hill, who used to be Governor of New York and was afterward Senator."

"Yes, I've heard of him; but I mean Hill, the railroad man, the one who just formed that four-hundred-million-dollar company."

A few evenings later I was on Cherry Hill at a ward meeting in one of the toughest halls in this the most congested tenement-house district in the New York slum section. The speaker was one of "de leaders," a gentleman who looked as though he had escaped only an hour before from the custody of the warden at Sing Sing. He was telling his friends and admirers what they were going to do to "that dude Low and his whole crowd of handshakers."

"We'll lay 'em out worse'n Hill laid out the 'con' men down in Wall Street!"

And there went up a wild yell of approbation. A man has indeed come into fame when he is accepted as a synonym by an East Side audience. Not a man was there who asked, "Who's Hill?"

The Greatest Railroad Man of the Generation

Mr. Hill, in the meanwhile, pursues the even tenor of his way, little realizing the advance he has made in the esteem of New York, and caring less. It was said of him not long ago by a very distinguished man that: "The only thing Hill knows or cares about is railroading and railroads."

This statement is untrue. Though Mr. Hill can talk railroads more understandingly than any other man alive, he can also talk art and literature when he is so disposed—that is, when he is with persons who are congenial to him, and who have taste and understanding for art. It is admitted that he is among the first six art connoisseurs in this country. In his magnificent home in St. Paul he has a collection of paintings that is conceded to be the finest west of the Alleghanies, and is probably as fine, with one exception, as anything to be found east of the Alleghanies. All the pictures that he owns he bought on his own judgment, unlike most millionaires. He is an expert in fine enamels and precious stones, and can tell their value, historical as well as commercial, with more exactness than nine-tenths of the dealers of the country. He has a collection of Russian enamels that is probably the finest in existence either here or abroad. To hear him discuss any of these subjects is a liberal education. Though he is one of the busiest men in the world, he still finds time for an enormous amount of reading, and, having had in his youth an academic education, he reads with rare discrimination.

However, the statement that he "knows nothing but railroading and railroads" illustrates very well the concentration of the man's mind on the business problem which he has mastered as no other man, living or dead, has ever mastered it. All authorities admit that neither America nor the world has ever produced a man who, even approximately, could be classed with Mr. Hill as a railroad builder and operator. Commodore Vanderbilt, Garrett, Scott, even the transcontinental builders like Huntington, Crocker, Stanford and the rest, were second-class when measured up to this remarkable man. His achievements read like a fable, and it seems incredible that, with all he has done, he could have remained practically unknown to the general Eastern public until he happened to put his foot out and catch one of the spokes in the Wall Street wheel. However, to those who know their New Yorkers, the case is not so remarkable as it would be considered in the West and Northwest, where the people are more vigorous and independent in their thinking, and absorb their knowledge from facts and achievements rather than from newspaper headings.

A parallel case is that of Mr. Charles M. Schwab, who occupies the same position in the industrial world that Mr. Hill occupies in the railroad world. Mr. Schwab, like Mr. Hill, is to-day a national institution to New Yorkers, familiar gossip in Hell's Kitchen as well as on Fifth Avenue. And a year ago, though people who read and know things had long been familiar with the career of the most brilliant executive mind known in the industrial history of America, New York, the popular New York, would have asked in regard to the steel king as it did of Hill, "Who's Schwab?"

From the moment, however, that Mr. Schwab organized the greatest enterprise ever seen on the globe, and changed his offices from Pittsburg to lower Broadway, he was taken to the bosom of our community, both the washed and the unwashed, so that to-day he cannot appear anywhere without having people whisper, "That's Schwab, the steel king," until the whole thing becomes a nuisance and a trial to a man who is trying to crowd forty-eight hours' business activity into every twenty-four that he lives.

And so it is with Mr. Hill. Wherever he shows his face people stare at him, and behind his back they point the finger of identification.

This condition became so annoying months ago that he was compelled to give up the temporary residence he had always maintained in New York at a big uptown hotel, to seek seclusion in a Fifth Avenue apartment building.

But it is as an empire builder and a railroader that Mr. Hill's career is interesting, rather than as an object of curiosity to the queer New Yorkers. His undoubted right to be esteemed the greatest railroad man in the world is made out, not alone by the marvelous property he has built up in the Northwest, but by the further, and, if possible, even stronger, fact that under his instruction there have graduated the most successful railroad operators in the country, men who are now in charge of the management of many of the great railroad properties of America.

The Kindergarten of the Great Northern

The list is a most imposing one, beginning with W. H. Newman, President of the New York Central, and including such men as Russell Harding, Third Vice-President and General Manager of the Missouri Pacific system; A. L. Mohler, President and General Manager of the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company; Charles H. Warren, First Vice-President and General Manager of the Central Railroad of New Jersey; W. C. Watrous, Superintendent of Transportation of the Missouri Pacific; J. D. Farrell, President and General Manager of the Pacific Coast Company; William W. Finley, Second Vice-President of the Southern Railway; J. N. Barr, Vice-President of the Atlantic Coast Line; and many others in positions of importance.

"Hill's Kindergarten" has become one of the recognized institutions of the railroad world. To be a Great Northern man is in railroading what to be a Carnegie man is in the steel business. There is literally a kindergarten connected with the Great Northern, though this institution is not meant when such men as Mr. Newman and the others are referred to as having come out of "Hill's Kindergarten." Most of them had already had railroad experience, and a number of them had held important positions with other roads. But they were all finished off in the Great Northern, and their present value is due largely to this fact. For it is recognized that the Hill methods are the most advanced known to railroading. It is this fact that lends such value to the work of the real "Kindergarten," which is one of the many unique creations that have been brought into being by the President of the Great Northern.

It is a school of instruction in which are received a limited number of promising young men. Admission to it is the ambition of every budding railroader in America who knows of its existence. Naturally, preference is given to the Great Northern employees, but a few outsiders have been admitted from time to time under exceptional circumstances. One of the "scholars" who graduated recently is a younger son of Mr. James Stillman, President of the National City Bank of New York, the "Standard Oil Bank" as it is known, and the richest financial institution in the United States. Young Stillman is now employed on the Great Northern system, in one of the small towns, where he is putting the knowledge he gained to practical use. It is seldom, however, that the President of the Great Northern consents to take outside "pupils" into his railroad school, though the pressure from rich men who have sons they desire to bring up in the railroad business is enormous and constant.

"The school," said Mr. Hill, in resisting the arguments of one of his friends who desired to enter his son, "is not intended as an institution for the production of railroad men generally, nor is it a personal affair with me. It was organized for the benefit of the Great Northern Railroad, and the purpose of its existence is to help Great Northern employees who show special talent and evince special interest in the business. It is intended to give us constantly a supply of available men for special service on the road. If we were to fill it up with outsiders whose services would not be at our disposal after they graduated, one of the chief reasons for its operations would cease to exist."

The membership of the school is recruited from every division of the Great Northern system. Among the "scholars" are office boys who have shown "likeliness," brakemen, conductors, switchmen, clerks, engineers and others. The number of "students" is generally limited to twenty, though there is no hard and fast rule. As soon as one class is graduated there are plenty of applicants ready for admission.

What the Railroad Scholars Study

In the strict sense of the word the "school" is not a school at all. There are no teachers, no lectures, and no regular school work. The term, if that word can be used, is one year. The instruction consists simply of the work of distributing accounts. The "school" is really a branch of the accounting department of the road, a bureau of statistics, and the "scholars" serve as clerks and statisticians.

Every item of expense incurred in the operation and management of the road passes through this school in the shape of reports from the heads of various departments. A new engine has been built at the shops, reports the superintendent of motive power, at a cost of so much. The "students" must take this cost and distribute it according to the various items that figure in the construction of the machine. So much has been paid for the steel, so much for the brass, and so much for each of the other materials in its raw state. So much was paid for labor in fashioning the boiler tubes, which required so many hours' work at so much an hour. The cost of superintendence was so much. The cost of fashioning the driving wheels was so much, the piston rods so much, the fire box so much; and so every item is "distributed" and analyzed, its exact cost found in raw material and in labor, and the exact time required to fashion it determined.

This process, carried along in every branch of the road from track-laying to train-dispatching, gives the student an education in railroading that he could not obtain in any other way, even though he were to be engaged in the business for fifty years. The students learn from it what the expense is, or should be, under normal and proper conditions, for the building or relaying of a stretch of track. They learn that it is different, or should be, if the building or relaying is done in sandy soil, from what it would be in gravel or rocky material. They know exactly how many men should be required to perform the work under varying conditions that arise, and what their labor costs the company. It is not hard to understand that, by figuring out these various processes, every student knows, by the time he has had his year's instruction, what should be the normal cost of everything along the line, from the president's office down to the work of the section boss.

The school has not been in operation long enough to furnish any considerable number of working railroaders, but Mr. Hill's other school, the one born of experience under his practical management, the working "Kindergarten," has, as I have already said, no small honor roll. The history of the graduates makes interesting reading.

Some of Mr. Hill's Famous Pupils

Mr. W. H. Newman, the New York Central's President, who may fairly be ranked as the "honor" man of the institution, went into railroading away back in 1869 at the age of twenty-two. He is a Virginian by birth and drifted to Texas early in life, where he secured a position as station agent on the Texas and Pacific Railway. He worked his way up to the position of General Freight Agent on the Texas and Pacific, and then became Traffic Manager of the Southwestern system. Afterward he went to the Missouri Pacific as Traffic Manager until 1889, when he was made Third Vice-President of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. In 1896 he joined the Great Northern staff as Second Vice-President.

He made such a fine record for himself on the Great Northern that when Mr. S. R. Callaway was promoted by the Vanderbilts from the Presidency of the Lake Shore to that of the New York Central, Mr. Newman was asked to accept the office vacated by Mr. Callaway. On Mr. Callaway's retirement from the Central Mr. Newman took his place there.

Mr. Russell Harding, who is the master spirit of the Missouri Pacific, with offices in St. Louis, entered the employ of the Great Northern in 1894 as Superintendent of the Dakota Division, at Grand Forks, North Dakota. Previous to that he had been doing various kinds of railroad work since his fourteenth year, having begun in 1870 as office boy and paymaster for his father, a contractor for the Portland and Ogdensburg Railway. In 1880 he went to Texas and entered the engineering department of the International Great Northern Railway of that State, remaining until 1886, when he joined the Missouri Pacific forces. He was Superintendent and Engineer of the Southern Kansas lines of that company when he decided to go with Mr. Hill. It did not take the latter very long to realize the value of Mr. Harding's services. He was speedily advanced until he became General Superintendent of the entire Great Northern system in 1897. The St. Louis Southwestern Railway secured him in 1898 and he was soon made President of that system, going afterward as General Manager to the Missouri Pacific.

It is a peculiarity of the service on the Great Northern that the opportunities for advancement are necessarily limited after a certain point, as shown by the careers of Mr. Newman and Mr. Harding. As long as he lives Mr. Hill will himself be the chief operator of his property.

Mr. Charles H. Warren, who is one of the greatest authorities on railroad accounting in America, if not in the world, went with Mr. Hill before any of the other graduates of the "Kindergarten." He became, while still a very young man, chief clerk in the office of Mr. Manvel, who was then General Manager of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway, the nucleus of the present Great Northern system. Afterward, owing to the great ability he displayed, he was made General Passenger Agent and, finally, Comptroller. In August, 1894, he became General Manager of all the Great Northern lines, remaining in that position until 1896. Then with the Hill prestige behind him, he was eagerly snapped up by the Central Railroad of New Jersey, becoming First Assistant to the President. The reorganization of the road on more modern lines was begun about that time, and Mr. Warren's services in introducing a new order of affairs proved so valuable that the directors, in June, 1899, elected him First Vice-President, the position which he holds to-day.

William W. Finley began railroad life as a stenographer in 1873. Afterward he served in various capacities on different Southwestern roads. In 1888 he became the General Freight Agent of the Texas Pacific. He was made Traffic Manager of the Great Northern and Montana Central, Mr. Hill's properties, and then went as Commissioner of the Southern States Passenger Association to Atlanta. In 1895, after the organization of the Southern Railway by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, he was made Vice-President of that property, but went with the Great Northern again in 1896 as Vice-President. His service this time, however, was comparatively short, as the Southern Railway again made him a handsome offer, which he accepted.

Mr. James N. Barr, Vice-President of the Atlantic Coast Line, began his railroad career at the bottom of the ladder. Thirty years ago he was a messenger boy in the office of one of the superintendents of the Pennsylvania Road. He afterward filled various clerical positions in the offices of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad and the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy. In 1889 he was made Superintendent of the Wyoming and Nebraska Divisions of the Union Pacific Railway. Five years later he entered the Great Northern as Superintendent, first of the Breckenridge Division, and later of the Western Division. Fourteen months after he entered the service he was made General Superintendent of the entire Great Northern system. In October, 1896, he became Vice-President and General Manager of the Norfolk and Western Railway, and remained with that road for three years, until, in 1899, he left it to fill his present position.

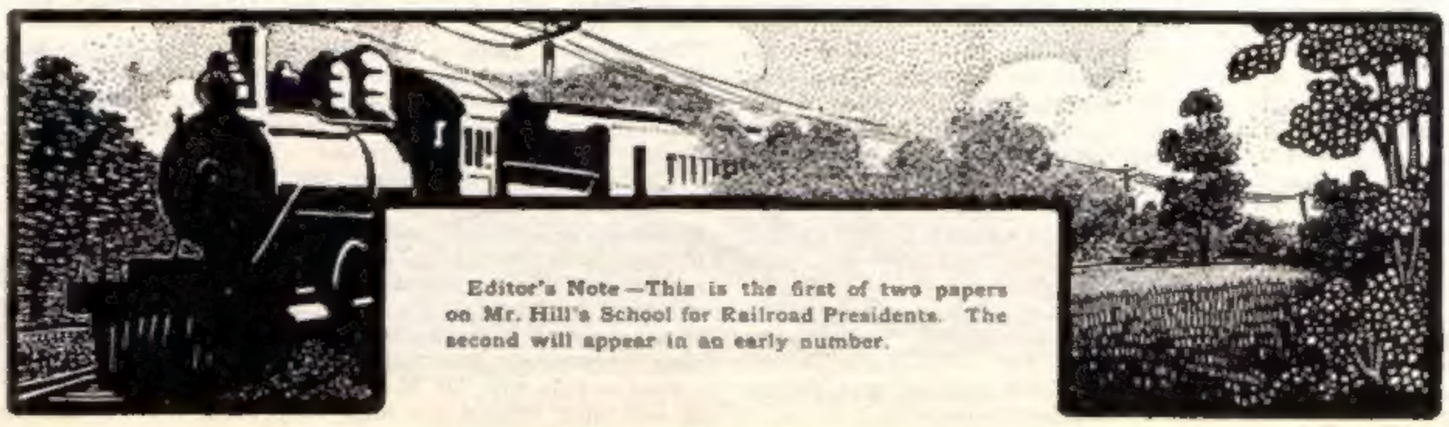
Mr. John D. Farrell, President and General Manager of the Pacific Coast Company, started in life as a bridge builder on the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. For seven years he held a number of jobs, such as timekeeper and foreman on various roads, and in the material yard of the bridges, building and water departments. In 1884 he became a brakeman on a freight train of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and later was a station agent, and then freight and passenger conductor, on the same road. He entered Mr. Hill's employ as a conductor on the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway, from which position he rose, in seven years, to that of General Superintendent of the Western Division of the Great Northern. In 1895 he retired, becoming, in 1898, President and General Manager of the Pacific Coast Company.

Mr. A. L. Mohler, President and General Manager of the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company, went with Mr. Hill in 1882, in the capacity of General Freight Agent of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway. From that position he rose steadily, until, in 1889 he became General Manager of the road, and also of the Montana Central. This position he filled for four years, when he left it to become General Manager of the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railroad. In turn, he left that office, in 1897, for the Presidency of the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company. Mr. Mohler has been in the railroad business for thirty-three years. He began in the humble position of warehouse and office clerk for the Chicago and Northwestern Railway.

From Stenographer to Superintendent

Mr. W. C. Watrous, at present Transportation Superintendent of the Missouri Pacific Railway, was, twenty years ago, a stenographer in the general freight office of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, in which capacity he served also on the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fé Railway, at Galveston, Texas, and on the Northern Pacific. As stenographer to the heads of different departments Mr. Watrous picked up much valuable knowledge concerning the railroad business, and in the course of six years he became chief clerk to the General Transportation Manager of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway. He remained for thirteen years in the employ of that road, until, in 1899, he left it for the position of Transportation Superintendent of the St. Louis Southwestern Railway. In April, 1900, he entered the service of the Missouri Pacific Railway in the position which he now holds.

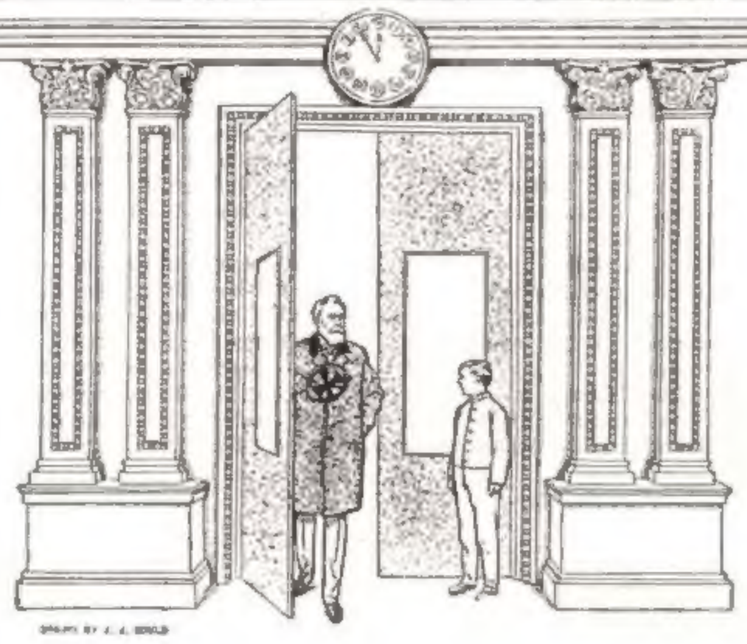
Mr. George T. Slade, Assistant General Manager of the Erie Railroad, ought also properly to be classed as one of the conspicuous graduates of the "Kindergarten." Owing, however, to his peculiar relations with Mr. Hill, he may perhaps better be considered as a member of another group popularly spoken of in the railroad world as "the Hill boys." Mr. Slade fits into this classification because he is married to one of Mr. Hill's daughters. He went to college with the Hill boys, Lewis W. and James N., and after graduation was taken into the Great Northern in the "Kindergarten." Afterward it was "hard work and no favors" with him. He showed himself such a willing and capable worker that he was advanced from one position to another until he became Superintendent of one of the most important connections of the Great Northern, the Eastern Railway of Minnesota. He left the Great Northern to become General Manager of the Pennsylvania Coal Company's railroad properties, and when that concern was absorbed recently by the Erie he was selected as assistant to the General Manager of that railroad. His work since then has demonstrated very clearly that it isn't "pull" that pushes men along in the Great Northern system.



Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers on Mr. Hill's School for Railroad Presidents. The second will appear in an early number.

MEN AND MEASURES

THE WEEK AT WASHINGTON



By CHARLES EMORY SMITH

SPECULATION over the Presidential nomination, where it is in any sense an open question, is always in the background of political ferment and discussion. One or two minor incidents have recently given it an impetus. The declaration of a Southern Federal officer that he would be for Senator Hanna even against President Roosevelt, if Senator Hanna were a candidate, has raised the interrogation mark.

In these eager and feverish days we live so fast and so much in a twelvemonth that the whole horoscope may change in two years. But according to the present lights, if Senator Hanna chose to unfurl his banner, he is the only man who would be a serious competitor of President Roosevelt in the Republican National Convention of 1904. As a contestant for the nomination he would have at least one distinct and formidable element of strength. He would carry the bulk of the Southern delegates. This would count nothing in the election, but it is an important factor in the nomination.

For seven years Mr. Hanna has been the polar star of the Southern Republican politicians. He organized them prior to the Convention of 1896 and has magnetized them ever since. Against adroit and industrious antagonists he captured their support for McKinley, and when he came into power he cemented their adherence with effective use of the Federal patronage. President Roosevelt has proceeded on an entirely different line. In making his Southern appointments he has been largely indifferent to the politicians heretofore recognized and in most cases regardless of the effect on the organization. He has had his own standard and has boldly followed it with little reference to other considerations.

It would be a mistake to suppose that he is destitute of the political instinct. On the contrary, he has a very shrewd sense of the elements of political strength, and an original power, quite beyond that of the mere politician, of marshaling them in a movement. But in dealing with the Southern problem he has chosen, in most instances, to disregard the established political forces of his party. The result is that the men who make delegates in the South have not been drawn away from the allegiance which they openly recognize.

The President's Future in His Own Hands

If Mr. Hanna chose to be an aspirant he would have other resources. But the one man who knows that Mr. Hanna has no aspirations for the Presidency is President Roosevelt. The two men fully understand each other. They may not agree in all things. There are questions of policy on which they do and will differ. But they differ in a frank and manly way, like two self-centred men accustomed each to think for himself, and it does not affect their good understanding. The one thing about the next Presidency on which Mr. Hanna feels entirely sure is that he has no idea of being himself a candidate. No reasonable man can undertake to say that no possible contingency can come in the future in which he will not change his present purposes. All he can say is that with his present light he has a fixed purpose which he has no expectation and sees no probable chance of changing. Mr. Hanna does not hesitate to say that he will not be a candidate, and next to his positiveness on that point is his belief that if President Roosevelt's Administration is a success that fact will make Mr. Roosevelt the candidate.

This is the pivot of the whole question. Everything turns on the President's success—probably the election, certainly the nomination. The future lies in his own hand, so far as it lies in human hands at all. If he makes a strong and acceptable Administration nothing can stop his nomination; if he fails nothing can save it. With this touchstone it would be idle to talk of Senator Hanna or any other man at this time, even if Senator Hanna would entertain it. The President understands this truth just as well as every other rational observer. He has no need to make terms with any other man. He has no need even to come to an understanding with himself as to his candidacy. All he has to do is to go ahead and do his level best, and let the rest take care of itself.

The President would be something more or less than human if he did not cherish the hope of being called as the people's choice to the great office he fills. He was confessedly a candidate when he was Vice-President, and there is all the more reason now why he should manfully desire the next nomination, since, from the country's standpoint, it can take him not on trust, but on trial, and, from his own standpoint, his rejection would imply possible dissatisfacion. Yet he need not and does not put himself in the attitude of a candidate. He does not even concern himself with 1904. What he concerns himself with is 1902 and 1903. If they go well they will settle 1904.

In acting on the questions that come before him he needn't stop to ask how they will affect him as a candidate. He need only ask how they will affect the immediate and continued success of his Administration. What he is thinking about is how to make the best President it is in him to make. That is the worthiest ambition, and offers the highest fame anyway, and if it succeeds all the rest follows.

When this truth is fairly grasped it may be understood that there is less real planning among the principal actors over the next Presidency than many imagine. The President doesn't shut his eyes to it—no man in his place could—but he doesn't keep his eyes on it. He keeps his eyes and his best thought on the duty before him. Senator Hanna knows that if the President makes a successful Administration he will be the candidate, and a successful Administration is what Senator Hanna wants both as a citizen and as a party manager. As for the rest, they have nothing to do but to wait and watch.

There are those who fancy they already discern clouds on the horizon. Mr. Watterson, always brilliant and entertaining, not always free from the mirage of a glowing imagination, thinks he sees the beginning of the schism. Others find portents of trouble in little signs here and there. All this is worthless as a guide at the present time. The little signs may easily be mistaken, and it is altogether too early to form a conclusive judgment. Only six months of the Administration have passed, and the first session of Congress is little more than half over. There is time enough for the ebb and flow half a dozen times before the current shall be clearly settled.

Lord Pauncefote and the Joint Note

The diplomats have lately divided attention with the statesmen and politicians. In the remarkable rivalry of the great Powers of Europe to show which was the more friendly to the United States at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, their representatives at Washington have been brought into conspicuous notice. The discussion over the note of Lord Pauncefote and the proposed action of the meeting of April 14, 1898, has largely subsided, but there still remains something to be said. There is a mystery about this note, brought to light through the German Ambassador and the German Government, which has not been fully explained. The absolute silence of Lord Pauncefote has deepened the puzzle.

Of the immediate actors on the American side in the diplomatic drama then played at Washington, Judge Day alone remains. President McKinley is no more. Mr. Hay was in London. John Sherman is dead, and even while he lived, and held the office, Judge Day was the real Secretary of State. He alone knows exactly what representations were made to our Government, and what tone was privately held. His testimony would do something to clear the mystery, but, while in appropriate private circles he speaks freely, he naturally and properly maintains public reticence.

The joint note of the Ambassadors to our Government of April 7, 1898, was not unfriendly or unacceptable. Looking to the perfectly independent attitude and policy of our country, it would probably have been better not to receive the Ambassadors jointly or to permit a joint representation. It implied an authority on their part which might have been awkward. But it was known in advance that their note was an entirely harmless expression for peace, and President McKinley thought it presented a not unfavorable opportunity of announcing our policy and position.

All the preliminary talk concerning this joint visit and representation was held with Lord Pauncefote. As Dean of the Diplomatic Corps the arrangements were in his hands. His sentiment of absolute friendship for the United States was unmistakable. He shaped the paper and all the preparations in accordance with our wishes. He was advised that the Ambassadors must not undertake to indicate what should be the terms of peace, but must limit themselves to the hope and counsel that peace would be preserved—a hope which our Government shared—and this admonition was heeded. He cordially responded on all points to our suggestions, and there could be no doubt about the friendly disposition of himself or his Government.

The note of April 14 was of an entirely different character. It not merely expressed the legitimate hope for peace, but went further and assumed to say that the Spanish proposals were just and reasonable, and constituted a fair basis on which our Government should reach an agreement with Spain. That was equivalent to dictating our duty to us. Of course, no such note ever came to our Government, and it never would have been received. There was no discussion with our State Department over its terms, as there was over the phrases of the note of the week before. There is no evidence that our Government had any knowledge of the movement. It was wholly tentative, and never reached the stage of action or even of preliminary and informal submission.

The Note Inspired by Austria

Nevertheless the fact remains that such a paper went out over the signature of Lord Pauncefote, apparently as the draft of a proposed joint note in which the concurrence of the Powers was invited. What is the explanation? How can such a note with such apparent sanction be reconciled with the known friendly attitude of Lord Pauncefote, and with his sympathetic and responsive action of the week before? The revelation of this chapter has come as a surprise to all except the immediate participants. The British Government, which was at first very positive in declaring that it had condemned and discountenanced all unfriendly designs, and in implying that it had defeated such designs on the part of others, treated this disclosure in a gingerly way. Lord Pauncefote himself refused to open his lips.

It has been suggested that the proceeding may be explained on the theory that Lord Pauncefote acted directly on the initiative of Queen Victoria, to whom the Queen Regent of Spain had made a sisterly and urgent appeal. An intimation of this belief is found in the dispatch of the German Ambassador transmitting a copy of the proposed note. But this position is not tenable. It is not conceivable that the Queen would assume to instruct her Ambassador over the head of her Government without letting them know what she was doing, and it is no more conceivable that the Ambassador would take a course in conflict with that which he had previously pursued and conceal it from his Government.

The one alternative is to fall back on the theory that, as Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, Lord Pauncefote was gracious enough to be the medium of submitting for consideration to the several Governments a paper that really emanated from the Austrian Minister and his Government. Austria had the strongest family and dynastic reasons for sympathy with Spain. No resentment or ill will can be entertained toward her on that account. She was only true to her own. All the facts lead to the belief that she inspired the proposed note, and that Lord Pauncefote was amiable enough to accept the friendly office of sending it out. But why did he do it without advising his own Government or ours, or without indicating his own dissent? Was it because the proceeding was sure to be futile, and because it wasn't deemed necessary to take these precautions? These questions remain unanswered.

The Diplomatic Importance of Our Government

The augmented rank of the United States among the World-Powers has visibly increased the importance of the position of the Ambassadors at Washington. Until within a few years the post was one of dignity and honor, but, except on occasions, not one requiring either much labor or skill. Now the participation of the United States in many of the most important deliberations which engage the attention of the Powers, especially those relating to the East, has brought greatly enlarged activity and obligations to their diplomatic representatives here. All the great Powers, except Austria, have raised their missions to the rank of Embassies, and Austria is just about to do so.

The elevation of the missions in dignity and importance has elevated the quality of the incumbents. England has kept Lord Pauncefote at Washington long beyond the usual

term because, with his aptitude and popularity at our Capital, he exercises more influence than any new man could do for a considerable period. Russia sends Cassini, who is one of the most astute and able diplomats in her service. Germany holds on to Von Holleben, who is full of good sense and who has achieved a distinct and signal success in the admirable management of the visit of Prince Henry. France retains Cambon, who belongs to a family of diplomats, and who represented Spain, in negotiating the protocol of peace, with a blended and skillful devotion both to the interests of his principal and to the purpose of bringing the war to an end.

McKinley's Native Talent for Diplomacy

The Ambassadors are all popular at Washington and mingle freely in its social life. Their official relations with the Government are scrupulously conducted through the State Department. Though meeting the President often in a social way, they rarely avail themselves of their right to go directly to him on official business. One of them sought an audience with President McKinley on an incident which had given some offense to his Government. President McKinley, though wholly untrained to diplomacy, except as it came to him through his term, was naturally a diplomat of the very first order. He was singularly clever in conference, always gracious and self-poised, never thrown off his balance, dexterous in putting his point, and adroit in parrying. On the occasion referred to he met the Ambassador in his most genial way, appeared to invite the freest talk, and then in the most suave manner touched on the incident as closed and happily out of the way, leaving nothing more to be said, and skillfully ending the matter before the Ambassador had opened it.

The termination of the Philippine debate, unless it shall be resumed later in the session on the bill relating to the Philippine government, and the passage of the Shipping bill, leave the Isthmian Canal as the next large measure to occupy the stage in the Senate. It is possible that Cuban reciprocity, successfully carried at last through the House, may contest for the precedence. This question has been so thoroughly threshed out that it ought not to consume much time in the Senate. But that is a body of which nothing in the way of caprice in debate can safely be predicated.

The Isthmian Canal is certain to lead to a sharp and vehement struggle. Senator Morgan is so completely wedded to the Nicaragua plan on the one hand, and the conviction is so strong on the part of others that Panama presents the more eligible route if the title and concessions can be made satisfactory, that there is sure to be a keen conflict. Senator Morgan is a remarkable man. The intellectual power and activity which he maintains at his great age furnish a constant surprise. His ability to stand on his feet for hours and days, and pour forth an almost illimitable stream, not of empty declamation, but of information, learning and argument, is extraordinary. His patriotic spirit and honest devotion to the honor and welfare of his country must also command admiration.

But with these qualities he combines a stubbornness which is just as pronounced and positive. He has for years made the Nicaragua Canal the chief object of his career, and his adherence to that route and his intolerance of any other are extreme. He listens to no objection and heeds no argument. The Canal Commission of Experts was for Nicaragua so long as Panama seemed to be precluded by inability to make any reasonable and satisfactory terms with the Panama Company. But when this Company got down from its high horse, and acted upon the necessity of coming to a practical basis, the Commission revised its recommendation.

The general sentiment of the country seems to have followed the same course. Most men were willing to govern their judgment by the actual conditions and by the real merits of the proposition, even if the merits changed with changing conditions. But Senator Morgan, grand, gloomy and peculiar, is the one man who shuts his eyes to all light save his own, and his attitude doubtless means an obstinate fight.

The Solution of Canal Difficulties

The sentiment is steadily growing that Congress ought to provide for the Canal, but ought not to fix upon either route finally and absolutely, leaving it for the President to make the ultimate agreement where the best terms and concessions can be obtained. Both Nicaragua and Colombia will naturally seek to make the most of the opportunity. It is a rare chance for an impecunious Government. Congress is naturally reluctant to part with its own authority to determine the route. But if it absolutely selects one and shuts out the other, it puts us at the mercy of the Government owning the former, whereas if it makes its selection dependent on the ability of the President to reach a satisfactory agreement with an alternative, that leaves him latitude and freedom of action. Congress cannot negotiate and the President can. The trend of opinion is in this direction.

Editor's Note—This is the third in the series of biweekly articles by former Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith.

The Lieutenant and the Princess

By Molly Elliot Seawell

Author of The House of Egremont

PART I

SCROPE, by the grace of God, and the Captain's falling down a hatchway and cracking his skull, found himself in command of the United States sloop-of-war, Aurora, lying off Antwerp. It was in the old days, thirty years ago, but young lieutenants are young lieutenants in all ages. So, this particular young lieutenant not only had to stay aboard and keep ship very assiduously, but he had some other things on his mind; especially, the relations of an American naval lieutenant to a certain foreign lady. The foreign lady was young and beautiful.

The Aurora, a lovely ship of her class, lay on the soft dark bosom of the Scheldt, the lights of Antwerp twinkling afar off, like the lights from another world, through the purple twilight of an August evening. The delicate spires of the cathedral were dimly visible against the dark blue of the night sky. All was shadowy and dreamlike in that enchanted light. The great dark masses of buildings on the river front, the grim castle, the ghostly ships moored in a long, undulating line, with their lights moving fitfully as they swung and dipped with the tide—all were visionlike and unreal, as if the rising of the sun would disperse them with the mists of the morning.

Scrope, who was a dreamer, as well as one of the smartest young officers in the naval service, gave himself up to the soft beauty of the scene, and indulged himself in the sweetest recollections as he walked the poop—meanwhile keeping his weather eye open. Yes, it was at Ostend that he met her—that gay watering-place where nobody ever went to bed and the roulette wheels were twirling day and night. It was by no means his first love affair—he had gone through with at least a dozen very robust ones, and was always promising eternal love to some pretty girl. But he meant this one to be his last love affair—the last one being always more important than the first. And it was quite unlike the others. She was a South German, was Elsa von Rosen, an orphan, without a penny, but with thousands of relations, mostly counts, barons and general officers, who seemed to have no earthly obligation toward her except to keep her from marrying the man of her choice.

Having found out that Elsa returned his love, Scrope had satisfied himself with proving, once for all, that he was born a gentleman, that he stood well as an officer, and that he had a modest private fortune—which last seemed like the mines of Golconda to Elsa, who lived upon the same amount that Scrope spent for cigars. But this was not enough for what Scrope called, in his American heart, a lot of loafers and dead-beats. They were still threatening Elsa and imploring her to give up the madness of marrying an American officer and gentleman, who would have made her a better husband than she could have found on the whole continent of Europe, with the British Isles thrown in. The thing which alarmed them most was Scrope's offer to settle everything he had on Elsa in the event of her surviving him, insuring his life for her benefit, and allotting her half his pay. No man in his senses would do such things, argued the counts and barons and general officers.

When a deputation of these latter waited on Scrope, and inquired of him what arrangement he would make of his estate in the event that he should die, and Elsa should marry again, Scrope had brutally replied that Elsa could have it all to support her second husband on if she wanted to. This settled the matter that he could not be trusted—but Elsa, having at last been brought to see that her family could do nothing to her except decline to come to her wedding, threw herself in Scrope's arms, and declared she was ready to brave all the dangers and hardships of life in America for his sake. But another difficulty arose. Elsa was Hofdame to a little Princess connected with the reigning house of Weverlingen-Mayerne—a toy Grand Duchy in the heart of South Germany—and this little Princess Sophie, now fourteen, consumptive, and not likely to see fifteen, had made Elsa promise never to leave her until she should be well, or dead. The latter was the only thing which could happen. The doctors had given the little Princess only a year more of life at farthest. Elsa loved the child dearly, and Scrope's heart being touched by the story of the little Princess' affection, agreed to wait until the next year—when his cruise would be up, and he could get six months' leave—before inducting Elsa into the hazards of life in America.

ELSA VON ROSEN

He was turning these things over in his mind as he walked the bridge steadily. Elsa had such charming bright eyes, and such abundant health and vitality. She was the very embodiment of youth and health and happiness. She had the simplicity and sentimentality of the German girl—a thing not unpleasing to a man accustomed to the door-mat treatment usually accorded an American man by the women of his own nation. And how strange it was!—two months ago Elsa did not exist, for him—and now the stars winked at him, knowing he was thinking of Elsa; the waves, as they murmured under the ship, called her name; the very church bells, as they faintly and musically chimed the hour across the water, spoke of her.

It was now quite dark. Occasionally a boat with a light, which seemed like a floating star, passed across the bosom of the dark river. One of these floating stars came straight toward the ship. It was hailed, permission given to come aboard, and two gentlemen, slowly, and with the steps of landsmen, mounted the ladder and came over the gangway.

Both of them were in uniform—betrayed by their legs, for otherwise they were wrapped in huge military cloaks. They asked to see the commanding officer, and Scrope went down upon deck and introduced himself. The eldest, the more portly and pompous of the two, introduced himself by handing out his card. He was Count Otto von Hagendorf-Armstadt, Grand Chamberlain to His late Serene Highness, Grand Duke Friedrich XXII of Weverlingen-Mayerne. The younger, who was really quite a decent young fellow, was Baron Winterfeld, *aide-de-camp* to His late Serene Highness.

Scrope's first idea was that it was some more bother and nonsense about his marriage to Elsa von Rosen. So, with a hostile air, he invited his guests into the cabin.

Once there, the two visitors threw open their cloaks, revealing gorgeous uniforms, a mass of gold lace and silver tags, and enough medals and orders on the breast of each to set up a jewelry shop. One trinket in particular, of which both the Count and Baron had one, was a Maltese cross of delicate translucent beryl, encrusted with diamonds, and suspended by a broad scarlet ribbon. Scrope remembered having been shown just such a bauble by Derschau, the young midshipman he had aboard, who at the same time had pointed out his own name—or rather names, for he had a shovelful of them—in the Almanach de Gotha. Count von Hagendorf, clearing his throat, said, with the greatest solemnity:

"We have come, Herr Lieutenant, upon an errand of the highest importance. His Serene Highness, the Grand Duke Friedrich XXII of Weverlingen-Meyerne, expired at three o'clock on the morning of the fourteenth of August."

"Another of 'em gone," was Scrope's inward commentary, supposing Count von Hagendorf to refer to one of Elsa's high-born and meddlesome relations.

"And I and my colleague, Baron Winterfeld, *aide-de-camp* to His late Serene Highness, were deputed by the

Council of State to notify His Serene Highness, the Grand Duke Heinrich XIV, of his accession. We understand that His Serene Highness is serving as a midshipman on this ship."

So it was not Elsa after all—Scrope breathed a sigh of relief. He put the whole thing together in a moment. Little Derschau, who had always told some wild tales of being in line of succession to something, was Prince Heinrich XIV. He had been sent to the Naval Academy along with a batch of other foreigners—it was seldom that the Academy had not a youngster or two being educated as a matter of international courtesy. With the characteristic spirit of young democracy the fellow-cadets of this budding princelet had directed him to lay aside all his titles, and to select one of his numerous names by which he should be known. The princelet had selected the name of Derschau, which had been wilfully corrupted into "Dutchy." He was a good-natured, unpretending young Teuton, who had to submit to especial hardships because he was third cousin to a Grand Duke, but who took them all philosophically, and was really very much liked. He had the invariable midshipman's predisposition to pranks, and spent about as much of his time in the crosstrees as did any of his republican fellows.

"If you refer to the young gentleman borne upon the muster roll as Midshipman Derschau, he is on board at present," replied Scrope.

"That is His Serene Highness. His Serene Highness is not in direct line of succession, but the Sovereign being absolute in the Weverlingen-Mayerne, and there being no written constitution, His late Serene Highness Prince Friedrich, a few days before his death, designated Prince Heinrich as his successor. May we see His Serene Highness?"

"Certainly," responded Scrope, touching the bell for the orderly. "The fact is, His Serene Highness is at present in the crosstrees for punishment. He was caught helping himself to currant tarts from the wardroom pantry. The steward, like a fool, reported the matter, and as I did not wish to put His Serene Highness' name down for such a trifle—particularly as two or three others were engaged in the scheme, though they escaped, I sent Dutchy—I mean His Serene Highness—aloft, to digest his tarts."

Count von Hagendorf and Baron Winterfeld shuddered visibly at the notion of catching a Prince and letting a commoner go free.

The orderly having appeared, Scrope, meaning to add all the state and solemnity possible to His Serene Highness' descent, said:

"Send the master-at-arms to me."

In half a minute the master-at-arms arrived and touched his cap.

"Master-at-arms, you will go aloft and notify Midshipman Derschau that he has succeeded to the Grand Duchy of Weverlingen-Mayerne by the death of His Serene Highness Prince Friedrich XXII, and that he himself is Prince Heinrich XIV, and to come down at once and receive the grand ducal commissioners."

"Yes, sir," responded the master-at-arms, as if he were accustomed to going aloft and notifying mast-headed midshipmen that they had become reigning sovereigns.

In a minute or two His Serene Highness had landed on the deck, and was ushered into the cabin. He stood stiffly at "attention," his pleasant German face quite unmoved, though not unintelligent. Scrope introduced the two commissioners, who bowed to the ground.

Then ensued an awkward pause. Scrope, although ready of speech, felt himself totally unequal to informing a little pickle of a midshipman that he had become a reigning sovereign. The Count and the Baron waited courteously until Scrope, waving his hand, begged them to speak. The Count then, with awful solemnity, imparted the news of Prince Friedrich XXII's death, and that the Grand Dukedom had devolved upon the little midshipman standing before them.

Dutchy received the news with a calmness truly regal. He extended his hand for the Count and Baron to kiss as if he had practiced it all his life. Scrope glanced at him out of the corner of his eye, thinking the little beggar, as he mentally called the Grand Duke, might expect something of the same sort from him. But, instead, Dutchy turned to him and said, with a mixture of dignity and respect which nearly made Scrope burst out into a guffaw in the very faces of the grand ducal commissioners:

"Sir, as I am still an officer of the United States Navy, I cannot go with these gentlemen until I have your permission. Meanwhile I beg of you to forward my resignation, which I shall write immediately, to the Navy Department."

"I'll give you leave for any period you ask," hastily replied Scrope, who thought he could not get His Serene Highness out of the ship too soon, "and I shall forward your resignation by cable and ask that it be accepted by cable."

"Thanks, very much," replied Dutchy; "and if you will kindly allow me to go into the after cabin I will write out my resignation. May I ask that you accompany me?"

"Certainly," responded Scrope with alacrity—and excusing himself to the grand ducal commissioners, he passed into the after cabin with His Serene Highness.

Once inside, with the door shut, His Serene Highness remarked: "Ain't this the greatest go you ever heard of?"

"Quite so," replied Scrope. "And I suppose you want my help in writing out your resignation, don't you?"

"Indeed I do," said His Serene Highness. "I never was in such a hole in my life. I didn't know what to do."

"You got out of the hole very well."

"Yes," responded Dutchy, "but I knew I had to get out of the ship as quick as I could. If ever those fellows in the steerage hear me called Serene Highness, my life won't be worth a pin. And they are the best fellows—I've been with them nearly four years——" Here Dutchy paused, a suspicious brightness in his eyes, which he concealed by passing his jacket sleeve across his face.

"Cheer up!" cried Scrope. "It's a fine thing, I fancy, to be a Grand Duke, if you are not bothered with a constitutional government. It must be something like commanding a ship."

SCROPE EXAMINED THE PHOTOGRAPH. IT WAS THAT OF A MERE CHILD

"Yes," answered Dutchy, very dolefully. "If there were a constitution in Weverlingen-Mayerne, I wouldn't have the grand ducal crown if they handed it to me on a tray. But, at least, I'll be as independent as a captain on his own quarterdeck. Being a young Grand Duke, though, isn't all beer and skittles. There'll be tutors and military governors—oh, Lord! Don't I know 'em! And I'll have to ride horseback at reviews, and I am mortally afraid of a horse—I'd rather meet a typhoon in the China Seas, or a whole gale off Hatteras, than ride a horse at a review—and that's what I'll have to do. And then, they'll try to make me a walking encyclopædia. Oh, I can tell you, I expect to be sick enough of my job sometimes!"

While His Serene Highness was expressing these sentiments, Scrope had been writing out the resignation, which His Serene Highness signed without reading. Then, drumming on the table, he said thoughtfully:

"You'll come to see me at Weverlingen-Mayerne, won't you, Mr. Scrope?"

"With pleasure," replied Scrope, remembering for the first time that it was a Princess of Weverlingen-Mayerne to whom Elsa was Hofdame.

"I recollect something about it, when I was a brat of five or six years old. A beautiful white palace—a park—a regiment or two of soldiers—a lot of privy counsellors, all covered with orders and medals, like those two in yonder—" His Serene Highness jerked his thumb backward toward the outer cabin—"But, after all, I dare say I'll look back to the steerage of the Aurora as heaven, many a time."

He took from the pocket of his jacket a photograph, and handing it to Scrope, continued:

"One good thing—I can do a lot for my little sister Sophie—out of my civil list, you know. Poor little girl—she has something the matter with her lungs. The doctors ordered her to Italy last winter—but there was no money to send her. She shall have everything she needs, and everything she wants, now that I am a reigning sovereign."

Scrope examined the photograph. It was that of a mere child of fourteen or fifteen, her long hair flowing over her shoulders. She wore a thin white gown, of which the photograph brought out the delicacy. She had the most bewitching eyes, and the sweetest, saddest mouth—a face so childish, yet so womanly, so full of expression—pensive, appealing—not a rosebud of a face, but rather with a touching prescience in it, as if Youth were all that little Sophie were to know of Life. Scrope gazed at it, moved and enchanted. He heard His Serene Highness prattling on, but scarcely listened to him.

"I mean to have a good time when the fellows from the ship come to see me. You see, sir, eighteen is the majority for a Grand Duke of Weverlingen-Mayerne, and, thank the pigs, I was seventeen last month. And Weverlingen-Mayerne never shall have a constitution if I can prevent it. There's a Prime Minister, I know, and a lot of privy counsellors and glittering functionaries, but the Grand Duke is king pin. I could make you Prime Minister, if I wanted to——"

"No, I thank you."

"Or Count—or Prince. But I see you don't want it. And—and—Mr. Scrope——" His Serene Highness twiddled his cap under the table. "I'd like, if you please, to come back and visit the ship after my resignation has been accepted—when I'm Grand Duke, you know—day after tomorrow—with my chamberlain and *aide-de-camp*——"

"It will give me pleasure to entertain your Serene Highness," replied Scrope, coming out of the dream in which the contemplation of little Princess Sophie's face had thrown him.

"And couldn't I have a national salute—and I could get you a flag of the Grand Duchy to hoist at the fore—and the band playing the national hymn of Weverlingen-Mayerne—and sideboys and all the usual rot, Mr. Scrope."

"Charmed, I'm sure," replied Scrope with a grin. "Nothing would give me more pleasure than to emphasize the friendly relations existing between the Republic of the United States and the Grand Duchy of Weverlingen-Mayerne—and I hope it will come off before the Captain returns to duty, so I can have the glory and honor of receiving your Serene Highness. *Savez?*"

At which mysterious word, His Serene Highness winked and replied:

"*Savez.*"

Two days afterward came the state visit. The President of the United States, through the Secretary of the Navy, had accepted the resignation of His Serene Highness. The State Department, in the name of the President, had cabled congratulations to the young Grand Duke. A Weverlingen-Mayerne flag had been made, after surreptitious directions of the Grand Duke, by an old tar handy with his needle. The bandmaster—for the Aurora boasted a "scratch" band—had been sent for and had taken down the national air of Weverlingen after His Serene Highness' whistling. Nothing, in short, had been omitted—and on a lovely August day the grand ducal visit was made. When His Serene Highness came aboard, the yards were manned, the grand ducal colors hoisted, the Weverlingen-Mayerne national hymn played, and the officers, sailors and marines drawn up to receive the Grand Duke. It is true that the awful solemnity of the proceedings was somewhat marred by one of His Serene Highness' late messmates slyly placing a bucket of whitewash, with a brush, at the cabin door, thereby implying, according to naval usage, that there were some things to be wiped out in the Grand Duke's naval career—but the Grand Duke and Scrope, walking arm-in-arm into the cabin, judiciously refrained from noticing this beyond a surreptitious grin—and the Grand Chamberlain and the *aide-de-camp* did not know what it meant. In the cabin there were toasts—Lieutenant Scrope proposing the health of the Grand Duke, and the Grand Duke, in a feeling reply, alluding to the compliment paid him by his late messmates in the matter of the bucket of whitewash, thereby conveying that his course as a midshipman had been absolutely spotless. This seemed to gratify the Grand Chamberlain and the *aide-de-camp* extremely, and they both referred to it in touching speeches on behalf of the Government of the Grand Duchy to the Government of the United States.

The grand ducal party left the ship at two o'clock, and at four, Scrope, in full uniform, with side-arms, and accompanied by an aide in full regalia—the aide happening to be the very midshipman who had put the bucket of whitewash at the cabin door—called at the Hotel St. Antoine, over which flew the flag of Weverlingen-Mayerne. Here, after half an hour, formal adieus were exchanged. The Grand Duke escorted Scrope to the very head of the stairs, saying:

"Remember—as soon as your cruise is up, you are to come and visit me—and ask the fellows in the steerage." Here His Serene Highness' voice broke. He gripped the hand of the aide—late his companion in abstracting tarts from the wardroom steward—and said, with a catch in his voice:

"I shall often think of you fellows—and if there is anything you want in Weverlingen-Mayerne—why, come and take it."

The midshipman aide—the son of a horny-handed Arkansas farmer—gripped in his turn the Grand Ducal hand, and replied, feelingly:

"Thank you, Dutchy—and if you get tired of your job and want a rest, just come back to the United States—and we fellows will give you the biggest blow-out you ever had in your life."

Both of them had tears in their honest, boyish eyes—and it was thus that His Serene Highness passed from his old life as a happy-go-lucky American midshipman to his new life, as Heinrich XIV, reigning Grand Duke of Weverlingen-Mayerne.

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

A Condensed Novel by Bret Harte

Rupert the Resembler—By A-th-y H-pe

CHAPTER I

RUDOLPH OF TRULYRURALANIA

WHEN I state that I was own brother to Lord Burleydom, had an income of two thousand a year, could speak all the polite languages fluently, was a powerful swordsman, a good shot, and could ride anything from an elephant to a clothes-horse, I really think I have said enough to satisfy any feminine novel reader of Bayswater or South Kensington that I was a hero. My brother's wife, however, did not seem to incline to this belief.

"A more conceited, self-satisfied little cad I never met than you," she said. "Why don't you try to do something instead of sneering at others who do? You never take anything seriously—except yourself, which isn't worth it. You are proud of your red hair and peaked nose just because you fondly believe that you get it from the Prince of Trulyruralania, and are willing to think evil of your ancestress to satisfy your snobbish little soul."

Whenever my pretty sister-in-law talks in this way I always try to forget that she came of a family far inferior to our own—the Razorbills. Indeed, her people—of the Nonconformist stock—really had nothing but wealth and rectitude, and I think my brother Bob, in his love for her, was willing to overlook the latter for the sake of the former.

My pretty sister-in-law's interest in my affairs always made me believe that she secretly worshiped me—although it was a fact, as will be seen in the progress of this story, that most women blushed on my addressing them. I used to say it "was the reflection of my red hair on a transparent complexion," which was rather neat—wasn't it? And subtle? But then, I was always saying such subtle things.

"My dear Rose," I said, laying down *my* egg spoon (the egg spoon really had nothing to do with this speech, but it imparted such a delightfully realistic flavor to the scene); "I'm not to blame if I resemble the S'helpbergs."

"It's your being so beastly proud of it that I object to!" she replied. "And, for Heaven's sake! try to *be* something and not merely resemble things! The fact is, you resemble too much—you're *always* resembling. You resemble a man of fashion, and you're not; a wit, and you're not; a soldier, a sportsman, a hero—and you're none of 'em. Altogether, you're not in the least convincing. Now, listen! There's a good chance for you to go out as *attaché* with Lord Mumblepeg, the new Ambassador to Cochin China. In all the novels, you know, *attachés* are always the confidants of Grand Duchesses and know more State secrets than their chiefs; in real life, they are something like a city clerk with a leaning to private theatricals. Say you'll go! Do!"

"I'll take a few months' holiday first," I replied, "and then," I added in my gay, dashing way, "if the place is open—hang it if I don't go!"

"Good old Bounder!" she said as her husband entered, "and don't think too much of that precious Prince Rupert. He was a bad lot."

"Take Rose's advice, my boy," he said, "and go!"

And that is how I came to go to Trulyruralania. For I secretly resolved to take my holiday in traveling in that country and trying, as dear Lady Burleydom put it, really to be somebody, instead of resembling anybody in particular. A precious lot *she* knew about it!

I WAS SO AFFECTED BY THE PEACEFUL SOLITUDE THAT I FELL ASLEEP

CHAPTER II

IN WHICH MY HAIR CAUSES A LOT OF THINGS

YOU go to Trulyruralania from Charing Cross. In passing through Paris we picked up M'lle Beljambe, who was going to Köhlslau, the capital of Trulyruralania, to marry the Grand Duke Michael, who, however, as I was informed, was in love with the Princess Flirtia. She blushed on seeing me—but, I was told afterward, declined being introduced to me on any account. However, I thought nothing of this, and went on to Bock, the next station to Köhlslau. At the little inn in the forest I was informed I was just in time to see the coronation of the new King the next day. The landlady and her daughter were very communicative, and, after the fashion of the simple, guileless stage peasant, instantly informed me what everybody was doing, and at once explained the situation. She told me that the Grand Duke Michael—or Black Michael as he was called—himself aspired to the throne, as well as to the hand of the Princess Flirtia, but was hated by the populace, who preferred the young heir, Prince Rupert; because he had the hair and features of the S'helpbergs, "which," she added, "are singularly like your own."

"But is red hair so very peculiar here?" I asked.

"Among the Jews—yes, sire!—I mean yes, *sir*," she corrected herself; "you seldom see a red-headed Jew."

"The Jews!" I repeated in astonishment.

"Of course you know the S'helpbergs are descended directly from Solomon—and have indeed some of his matrimonial peculiarities," she said, blushing.

I was amazed—but recalled myself. "But why do they call the Duke of Köhlslau *Black Michael?*" I asked carelessly.

"Because he is nearly black, sir. You see, when the great Prince Rupert went abroad in the old time he visited England, Scotland and Africa. They say he married an African lady there—and that the Duke is really more in the direct line of succession than Prince Rupert."

But here the daughter showed me to my room. She blushed, of course, and apologized for not bringing a candle as she thought my hair was sufficiently illuminating. "But," she added, with another blush, "I do *so* like it."

I replied by giving her something of no value—a Belgian nickel which wouldn't pass in Bock, as I had found to my cost. But my hair had evidently attracted attention from others, for on my return to the guest-room a stranger approached me, and in the purest and most precise German—the Court or "Olland Hof" speech—addressed me:

"Have you the red hair of the fair King or the hair of your father?"

Luckily I was able to reply with the same purity and precision: "I have both the hair of the fair King and my own. But I have not the hair of my father nor of Black Michael, nor of the innkeeper nor the innkeeper's wife. The red *heir* of the fair King would be a son."

Possibly this delicate *mot* on the approaching marriage of the king was lost in the translation, for the stranger strode abruptly away. I learned, however, that the King was actually then in Bock, at the Castle a few miles distant, in the woods. I resolved to stroll thither.

It was a fine old mediæval structure. But, as the singular incidents I am about to relate combine the romantic and adventurous atmosphere of the middle ages with all the appliances of modern times, I may briefly state that the Castle was lit by electricity, had fire-escapes on each of the turrets, four lifts, and was fitted up by one of the best West End establishments. The sanitary arrangements were excellent and the drainage of the most perfect order, as I had reason to know personally later. I was so affected by the peaceful solitude that I lay down under a tree and presently fell asleep. I was awakened by the sound of voices, and looking up beheld two men bending over me. One was a grizzled veteran and the other a younger, dandyfied man; both dressed in shooting-suits.

"Never saw such a resemblance before in all my life," said the elder man. "'Pon my soul! if the King hadn't got shaved yesterday because the Princess Flirtia said his beard tickled her, I'd swear it was he!"

I could not help thinking how lucky it was for this narrative that the King *had* shaved, otherwise my story would have degenerated into a mere Comedy of Errors. Opening my eyes, I said boldly:

"Now that you are satisfied who I resemble, gentlemen, perhaps you will tell me who you are?"

"Certainly," said the elder curtly. "I am Spitz—a simple Colonel of His Majesty—yet, nevertheless, the one man who runs this whole dynasty—and this young gentleman is Fritz, my Lieutenant. And *you* are?"

"My name is Razorbill—brother to Lord Burleydom," I replied calmly.

"Spitz!" and "Fritz!" a cheery voice was heard calling through the woods.

A FIGURE LEAPT INTO THE MOAT

"The King!" said Spitz to Fritz quickly. "He must not see him."

"Too late!" said Fritz as a young man bounded lightly toward us.

I was thunderstruck! It was as if I had suddenly been confronted with a mirror—and beheld myself! Of course he was not quite so good looking—nor so tall—but he was still a colorable imitation! I was delighted.

Nevertheless, for a moment, he did not seem to reciprocate my feeling. He stared at me, staggered back and passed his hand across his forehead. "Can it be," he muttered thickly, "that I've got 'em ag'in?"

But Fritz quickly interposed.

"Your Majesty is all right—though," he added in a lower voice, "let this be a warning to you for to-morrow! This gentleman is Mr. Razorbill—you know the old story of the Razorbills?—Ha! Ha!"

But the King did not laugh; he extended his hand and said gently, "You are welcome—*my cousin!*" Indeed, my sister-in-law would have probably said that—dissipated though he was—he was the only gentleman there.

"I have come to see the coronation, Your Majesty," I said.

"And you shall," said the King heartily, "and shall go with us! The show can't begin without us—eh, Spitz?" he added, playfully poking the veteran in the ribs.

Then he linked his arms in Spitz's and mine. "Let's go to the Hut—and have some supper and fizz," he said gayly.

We went to the Hut. We had supper. We ate and drank heavily. We danced madly around the table. Nevertheless I thought that Spitz and Fritz were worried by the King's potations, and Spitz at last went so far as to remind His Majesty that they were to start early in the morning for Köhlslau. I noticed also that as the King drank his speech grew thicker and Spitz and Fritz exchanged glances. At last Spitz said with stern significance:

"Your Majesty has not forgotten the test invariably submitted to the King at his coronation?"

"Shertenly not," replied the King with his reckless laugh. "The King mush be able to pronounsh—name of his country—intel-lillil-gibly: mush shay (hic!): 'I'm King of—King of—Too-Too-tooral-looral-anyer.'"

"He cannot say it!" gasped Fritz and Spitz in one voice. "He is lost!"

"Unless," said Fritz suddenly, pointing at me with a flash of intelligence, "*he* can personate him, and say it. Can you?" he turned to me brusquely.

It was an awful moment. "I'm King of Trooly-rooly," I murmured—but I could not master it.

"Is there no one here," roared Spitz, "who can shave thish Dynasty, and shay Tooral——? No! ——— it! I mean—'Trularlooral.'"

"No one can say 'Tooral-looral,'" muttered Fritz; and, grasping Spitz in despair, they both rolled under the table.

How long they lay there, Heaven knows! I was awakened by Spitz playing the garden hose on me. He was booted and spurred, with Fritz by his side. The King was lying on a bench, saying feebly: "Blesh you, my chillen."

"By politely acceding to Black Michael's request to 'Try our "one and six" sherry,' he has been brought to this condition," said Spitz bitterly. "It's a trick to keep him from being crowned. In this country if the King is crowned while drunk the kingdom instantly reverts to a villain—no matter who. But in this case the villain is Black Michael. Ha! What say you, lad? Shall we frustrate the rascal, by having *you* personate the King?"

I was—well!—intoxicated at the thought! But what would my sister-in-law say? Would she—in her Nonconformist conscience—consider it strictly honorable? But I swept all scruples aside. A King was to be saved! "I will go," I said. "Let us on to Köhlslau—riding like the wind!" We rode like the wind, furiously, madly. Mounted on a wild, dashing bay—known familiarly as the "Bay of Biscay" from its rough turbulence—I easily kept the lead. But our horses began to fail. Suddenly Spitz halted, clapped his hand to his head and threw himself from his horse. "Fools!" he said, "we should have taken the train! It will get there an hour before we will!" He pointed to a wayside station where the 7:15 excursion train for Köhlslau was waiting.

"But how dreadfully unmediæval!—what will the public say?" I began.

"Bother the public!" he said gruffly. "Who's running this dynasty—you or I? Come!" With the assistance of

Fritz he tied up my face with a handkerchief to simulate toothache, and then, with a shout of defiance, we three rushed madly into a closely packed third-class carriage.

Never shall I forget the perils, the fatigue, the hopes and fears of that mad journey. Panting, perspiring, packed together with cheap trippers, but exalted with the one hope of saving the King, we at last staggered out on the Köhlslau platform utterly exhausted. As we did so we heard a distant roar from the city. Fritz turned an ashen gray, Spitz a livid blue. "Are we too late?" he gasped, as we madly fought our way into the street, where shouts of "The King!" "The King!" were rending the air. "Can it be Black Michael?" But here the crowd parted, and a procession, preceded by outriders, flashed into the Square. And there, seated in a carriage beside the most beautiful red-haired girl I had ever seen, was the King—the King whom we had left two hours ago, in the Hut in the forest!

CHAPTERS III TO XXII (INCLUSIVE)

IN WHICH THINGS GET MIXED

WE REELED against each other, aghast! Spitz recovered himself first. "We must fly!" he said hoarsely. "If the King has discovered our trick—we are lost!"

"But where shall we go?" I asked.

"Back to the Hut." We caught the next train to Bock. An hour later we stood panting within the Hut.

"Where is the King?" demanded Spitz fiercely of the trembling Hut-keeper.

"He was carried away an hour ago by Black Michael and taken to the Castle."

"And when did he *leave* the Castle?" roared Spitz.

"He never left the Castle, sir, and alas! I fear never will, alive!" replied the man, shuddering.

We stared at each other! Spitz bit his grizzled mustache. "So," he said bitterly, "Black Michael has simply anticipated us with the same game! We have been tricked. I knew it could not be the King whom they crowned! No!" he added quickly, "I see it all—it was Rupert of Glasgow!"

"Who is Rupert of Glasgow?" I cried.

"Tell him, Fritz."

Then taking me aside Fritz delicately informed me that Rupert of Glasgow—a young Scotchman—equally with myself resembled the King. That Michael had got possession of him on his arrival in the country, kept him closely guarded in the Castle, and had hid his resemblance in a black wig and false mustache; that the young Scotchman, however, seemed apparently devoted to Michael and his plots: and there was undoubtedly some secret understanding between them. That it was evidently Michael's trick to have the pretender crowned, and then, by exposing the fraud and the condition of the real King, excite the indignation of the duped people, and seat himself on the throne! "But," I burst out, "shall this base-born pretender remain at Köhlslau beside the beautiful Princess Flirtia? Let us to Köhlslau at once and hurl him from the throne!"

"One pretender is as good as another," said Spitz dryly. "But leave *him* to me. 'Tis the King we must protect and succor! As for that Scotch springald, before midnight I shall have him kidnaped, brought back to his master in a close carriage, and you—*you* shall take his place at Köhlslau."

"I will," I said enthusiastically, drawing my sword, "but I have done nothing yet. Please let me kill something!"

"Aye, lad!" said Spitz with a grim smile at my enthusiasm. "There's a sheep in your path. Go out and cleave it to the saddle. And bring the saddle home."

My sister-in-law might have thought me cruel—but I did it.

BLACK MICHAEL AND THE KING

CHAP XXIII

AND SOME OTHER CHAPS

I KNOW not how it was compassed, but that night Rupert of Glasgow was left bound and gagged against the door of the Castle, and the night-bell pulled. And that night I was seated on the throne of the S'helpbergs. As I gazed at the Princess Flirtia, glowing in the characteristic beauty of the S'helpbergs, and admired her striking profile, I murmured softly and half audibly: "Her nose is as a tower that looketh toward Damascus."

She looked puzzled, and knitted her pretty brows. "Is that poetry?" she asked.

"No," I said promptly. "It's only part of a song of our great Ancestor." As she blushed slightly, I playfully flung around her fair neck the jeweled collar of the Order of the S'helpbergs—three golden spheres pendent, quartered from the arms of Lombardy—with the ancient motto, "*El Ess Dee*." She toyed with it a moment, and then said softly: "You have changed, Rupert. Do ye no ken hoo?"

I looked at her—as surprised at her dialect as at the imputation.

"You don't talk that way—as you did. And you don't say 'It *will* be twelve o'clock' when you mean it *is* twelve o'clock, nor 'I *will* be going out' when you mean I *am*. And you didn't say 'Eh, sirs!' or 'Eh, mon!' to any of the Court—nor 'Hoot awa!' nor any of those things. And," she added, with a divine little pout, "you haven't told me I was 'sonsie' or 'bonnie' once."

I could with difficulty restrain myself. Rage, indignation and jealousy filled my heart almost to bursting. I understood it all—that rascally Scotchman had made the most of his time, and dared to get ahead of me! I did not mind being taken for the King, but to be confounded with this infernal descendant of a gamekeeper—was too much! Yet with a superhuman effort I remained calm—and even smiled.

"You are not well?" said the Princess earnestly. "I thought you were taking too much of the Strasbourg Pie at supper! And you're not going surely—so soon," she added as I rose.

"I must go at once," I said. "I have forgotten some important business at Bock."

In another hour I was before Black Michael's Castle at Bock. These are lightning changes, I know—but the sovereignty of Trulyruralania *was* somewhat itinerant—and when a kingdom and a beautiful Princess are at stake, what are you to do? Fritz had begged me to take him along, but I arranged that he should come later, and go up unostentatiously in the lift. I was going by way of the moat. I was to succor the King—but I fear my real object was to get at Rupert of Glasgow.

I had noticed the day before that a large outside drain pipe, decreed by the Bock County Council, ran from the moat to the third floor of the donjon keep. I surmised that the King was imprisoned on that floor. Examining the pipe closely I saw that it was really a pneumatic dispatch tube for secretly conveying letters and dispatches from the Castle through the moat beyond the castle walls. Its extraordinary size, however, gave me the horrible conviction that it was to be used to convey the dead body of the King to the moat. I grew cold with horror—but I was determined.

I crept up the pipe. As I expected, it opened funnelwise into a room where the poor King was playing poker with Black Michael. It took me but a moment to dash through the window into the room, push the King aside, gag and bind Black Michael, and lower him by a stout rope into the pipe he had destined for another. Having him in my power I lowered him until I heard his body splash in the water in the lower part of the pipe. Then I proceeded to draw him up again, intending to question him in regard to Rupert of Glasgow. But this was difficult, as his saturated clothing made him fit the smooth pipe closely. At last I had him partly up when I was amazed at a rush of water from the pipe which flooded the room. I dropped him and pulled him up again with the same result. Then in a flash I saw it all. His body, acting like a piston in the pipe, had converted it into a powerful pump. Mad with joy, I rapidly lowered and pulled him up again and again until the castle was flooded—and the moat completely drained! I had created the diversion I wished; the tenants of the castle were disorganized and bewildered in trying to escape from the deluge, and the moat was accessible to my friends. Placing the poor King on a table to be out of the water, and tying up his head in my handkerchief to disguise him from Michael's guards, I drew my sword and plunged downstairs with the cataract in search of the miscreant Rupert. I reached the drawbridge when I heard the sounds of tumult and was twice fired at: once, as I have since learned, by my friends under the impression that I was the escaping Rupert of Glasgow, and once by Black Michael's myrmidons under the belief that I was the King. I was struck by the fact that these resemblances were confusing and unfortunate! At this moment, however, I caught sight of a kilted figure leaping from a lower window into the moat. Some instinct impelled me to follow it. It rapidly crossed the moat and plunged into the forest with me in pursuit. I gained upon it; suddenly it turned, and I found myself again confronted with *myself*—and apparently the King! But that very resemblance instantly made me recognize the Scotch pretender—Rupert of Glasgow, claymore in hand.

"Bide a wee, Maister Rupert Razorbill," he said lightly, lowering his sword, "before we slit ane anither's weasands. I'm no claimin' any descent frae kings. I'm just paid gude honest siller by Black Michael for the using of ma face and figure—sic time as His Majesty is tae worse frae drink! And I'm commeessioned frae Michael to ask ye what price *ye* would take to join me in performing these duties—turn and turn aboot. Eh, laddie—but he would pay ye mair than that daft beggar, Spitz."

Rage and disgust overpowered me. "And *this* is my answer," I said, rushing upon him.

I have said earlier in these pages that I was a "strong" swordsman. In point of fact, I had carefully studied in the transpontine theatres that form of melodramatic mediæval sword-play known as "two up and two down." To my disgust, however, this wretched Scotchman did not seem to understand it, but in a twinkling sent my sword flying over my head. Before I could recover it he had mounted a horse, ready saddled in the wood, and shouting to me that he would take my "compleements" to the Princess, galloped away. Even then I would have pursued him afoot, but, hearing shouts behind me, I turned as Spitz and Fritz rode up.

"Has the King escaped to Köhlslau?" asked Fritz.

"No," I said, "but Rupert of Glasgow——"

"——— Rupert of Glasgow," growled Spitz. "We've settled *him!* He's gagged and bound, and is now on his way to the frontier in a close carriage."

"Rupert—on his way to the frontier!" I gasped.

"Yes. Two of my men found him, disguised, with a handkerchief over his face, trying to escape from the Castle. And while we were looking for the King, whom we supposed was with you, they have sent the Scotchman home."

"Fool!" I gasped, "Rupert of Glasgow has just left me! *You have deported your own King.*"

When I came to I found myself in a *wagon lit*, speeding beyond the Trulyruralania frontier. On my berth was lying a missive in the handwriting of the Princess Flirtia:

> *My dear Rupert:* Owing to the confusion that arises from there being so many of you, I have concluded to accept the hand of the Duke Michael. I may not become a Queen, but I shall bring rest to my country—and Michael assures me in his playful manner that "three of a kind" "even of the same color" do not always win at poker. It will tranquilize you somewhat to know that the Lord Chancellor assures me that on examining the records of the dynasty he finds that my ancestor, Rupert, never left his kingdom during his entire reign. I am sending typewritten copies of this to Rupert of Glasgow and the King.
> Farewell. FLIRTIA.

Once a year—at Christmastide—I receive a simple foreign hamper via Charing Cross—marked "Return empty." I take it in silence to my own room, and there, opening it, I find—unseen by any other eyes but my own—a modest *pâté de foies gras*—of the kind I ate with the Princess Flirtia.

Advanced Photography for Amateurs

No. 6 — METHODS AND MATERIALS

A DARK room is naturally the first step toward preparing for the development of a photographic plate, and it is perhaps the most difficult convenience of all for an amateur to secure at home.

I have often wondered why in these days of the ever-present kodak more attention is not given to this matter by the directors of clubs and other social organizations for young people. Every country club, whether merely for golf or of a more pretentious sort, might be provided with four or more dark rooms in its basement at very slight cost. In town there are many church associations of young people who would find an added interest in the rooms devoted to their use if some otherwise wasted space were arranged for this purpose, and I should be glad to think that any suggestions I may make here might be of some assistance.

The putting together of doors and partitions requires rather careful work, though of the simplest description, as of course light leaking through cracks is fatal to sensitive plates. Sometimes tar paper is nailed all over the interior, but I should hardly like to recommend it either for safety or cleanliness. The boards should fit together so perfectly that covering is unnecessary. The space allotted to each room should be not less than four feet square and as much larger as possible. They should all be in a line if it can be arranged that way, so as to lessen plumbing expenses, and each one should be furnished with an iron or wooden sink, faucets, a wooden grating upon which to rest the developing dish, a shelf above for plate-holders and chemicals, a red lantern and a zinc washing-box, in addition to the hard-rubber box containing the "fixing" bath. Perhaps some member may be found who is willing for a small money consideration to look after these baths and renew them each week, or certain members may take it in turn to do so; in any case the expense of the few chemicals needed, of the light for the red lantern, and of the initial construction should easily be paid out of the fee charged for the use of the rooms. An engagement book in which those desiring to use a dark room may enter their names in advance and the hour for which they wish to retain it should hang in a convenient place, as it will save much confusion.

The disadvantage of these small rooms is the lack of ventilation, though they appear to be more popular with the camera clubs than any other sort. A professional photographer's dark room is often very large, with places at which five or six persons can develop. The entrance is usually by a zigzag passageway that effectually shuts out the light and at the same time permits the entrance or exit of a person at any moment without risk of spoiling the plates of others who may be working there. Then there are the "dry" dark rooms which contain merely a shelf at which plate-holders may be refilled.

The lantern is a feature of the dark room which requires particular care. If electric bulbs are used they should be put within an iron or wooden box fitted with properly tested sheets of orange and ruby glass just as for a kerosene lamp or gas-light, though if the construction of the room permits it the lantern box is better dispensed with altogether in favor of a small window, say fourteen inches square, fitted with the colored glasses, and the lamp or other light kept outside the room.

Testing is necessary with any sort of dark-room lantern. I have found the most expensive ready-made lamps that are to be had in the supply houses as defective in this matter as the very cheapest; so, to find out if a light is "safe" put a fresh plate into a holder, draw the slide an inch or more and expose for about thirty seconds at a distance of perhaps eighteen inches from the lantern. The plate is then immersed in the developer, and if a sharply defined light-struck line appear, to correspond with the part of the plate which has been exposed, the fault is obvious. An extra sheet of orange or ruby will generally be sufficient to remedy the trouble. Old lamps also should be tested in this way occasionally, as the colors seem to lose their strength after continued use.

Conveniences of the sort I have described make photography quite a luxurious pastime. It is the amateur who has to use the family bathroom or a kitchen who has troubles all his own—such real troubles, too, that they discourage many a promising beginner—but one must not lose hope, for some of the most delightful photographs in existence have been developed under just such adverse conditions; in fact, sometimes under worse ones.

A well-known American landscape and cattle painter in Paris showed me hundreds of 5 x 7 negatives that had all been developed and washed by himself in his studio; and in that city, where the water supply is of the most primitive kind, this work entailed such an endless amount of care and patience that it fairly took one's breath away to think of it. It meant that every drop of water had to be carried a long distance to the studio, and yet each plate was perfectly developed and washed. If they had not been, the original purpose of the work would have been defeated, as they were all made to record a special effect of clouds, atmospheric conditions, or natural grouping of animals, that showed the most delicate gradations of color, and any dirt or chemicals left on the plates would have spoiled them.

Plates which are not absolutely clean will sooner or later develop stains or a gritty crystallized surface, and these in turn will contaminate the good ones against which they may be packed. Such things ought to make us appreciate the value of conveniences that tend toward better workmanship without complicating the process; and I recommend most emphatically the use of a washing-box and permanent hypobath—two things which even some professionals ignore.

One formula for the bath is in the proportions of three quarts of water, two pounds of hypo, two ounces of sulphite, three ounces of chrome alum. In warm weather add one dram of sulphuric acid.

The two articles just mentioned, one or more developing trays, a graduate, scales and rubber gloves may constitute the dark-room "outfit" so far as plates are concerned. For developing prints another set of trays is required.

AFTER THE BLIZZARD. MADE WITH NON-HALATION PLATE

My first plates were developed in a butler's pantry, and really it was quite an ideal dark room, with plenty of cupboard room where trays and things might remain undisturbed. In such places the water supply has to be watched, because, in photography, as in all other professions where chemicals are used, various degrees of temperature make an important difference. The effects, briefly stated, are that cold retards their action and heat increases it. Deductions that may be drawn from this are numerous: plates stored in a warm place will decompose; warm developer will fog a normally timed plate; plates will develop very slowly in cold weather; a hypo bath will need renewing much sooner in summer than in winter; in warm weather plates will wash in about one-third the time required during winter; and so on.

Of developing formulas of course there are thousands. Each photographer is so sure that his own is the one particular best that to add another to the list seems almost superfluous. Of one thing, however, we may be certain. If you have a good normal plate you can develop with anything: but if everybody made nice, even, normal plates photography would be very uninteresting. We should have no more exciting discussions as to whose methods are best and the photographic journals would lose half their fun, for they don't seem to catch the idea that it is not only the unusual technical appearance of a print that is the object in view with a student of the "New School" of photography, but that he also thinks of the *picture*, and that there is generally some very good reason for what he does.

A photograph of a ship lying at anchor in a fog looked like blank gray paper at fifteen feet distance from the exhibition wall. In real life you could not distinguish details at the same distance. Nearer, the faint hazy depths of the picture were such that they compelled one to feel that here was truth, and a very charming interpretation of it. What would have been gained and how much would have been lost if this photographer had tried to make a more vigorous negative!

Fortunately it requires some one with very delicate artistic perception to attempt to make a photograph out of such conditions. It is true that many an interesting one is accidental, but it requires artistic feeling above the average to recognize that the accident has produced a picture.

Take the same idea from another side. A picture which is well composed and appropriately lighted, and which embodies some dignified idea, may lose its entire force by being timed and developed to that degree which is considered the normal standard of excellence. This standard has become established by long use, and since it is necessary to the human mind in general and our photographic perception in particular to have a basis for comparison, it is easier to adopt the expressions "undertimed" and "overtimed" than to try to create new ones; so that it is no longer any disparagement to describe a photograph by either of these terms. Instead of eternally drumming upon three notes we are now practicing a whole scale.

I am obliged to take up a developing formula for the sake of argument, so it shall be the one which has been used for every photograph illustrating these articles except some of the landscapes, when there was a possibility that they were overtimed: on those occasions metol and hydrochinone were used. The other one consists of water, six ounces; sulphite, one-quarter ounce; amidol, thirty grains. With this I am inclined to believe I can do what any other formula promises, and that in addition it enables me to

A "VIGOROUS" NEGATIVE

Editor's Note — This is the last of a series of six papers forming a practical advanced course for amateurs in photography.

By Zaida Ben Yûsuf

WITH EXAMPLES BY THE AUTHOR

get through a batch of plates in about one third the time usually required for negatives similarly timed. The reason for this is that amidol appears to add *time* to the plate: to put it another way, the image comes out as though a longer exposure had been given than really was the case; in consequence the plate develops with greater speed.

I had convincing proof lately that there was a real advantage in using this formula. An expert demonstrator for one of the largest dry-plate manufacturers in the country assured me that he had a method which, properly applied, would absolutely bring out all there was in an extremely undertimed plate and show no chemical fog due to prolonged development. The formula was an ordinary one for metol and hydrochinone, but the way to use it was a long-drawn-out affair. I was prepared to make any experiments that seemed reasonable, particularly because I had this article in mind, so I made several plates under exactly the same circumstances,

SHOWING THE EFFECT OF LOCALIZED DEVELOPMENT

one right after the other. They were snap shots, at twilight, with a large Dallmeyer lens. Upon two of them I conscientiously and faithfully followed the different details of the process during a tedious hour, and at the end of that time I had two blank plates. Just by way of comparison I tried my own developer, of the strength I would use for portraits, and in ten minutes I had a plate which subsequently yielded a print, and, though faint, it was at least some sort of a result instead of nothing.

I think that the secret of the whole matter is that, once you become thoroughly familiar with a formula which seems satisfactory, you should stick to it unless there is some excellent reason for changing. The combination of certain chemicals is merely a means to an end; one's own personal manner of using it may make all the difference between success or failure, and any formula given in the uncompromising figures of an ounce of this or a dram of that is to be counted in much the same way as one learns to write the first few sounds in shorthand. You cannot form words until the combinations are mastered.

To return to practical examples, we shall take the amidol developer previously described and imagine that we wish to get a very brilliant image against a clear white background. The exposure of the plate must be short—what is called undertimed, in fact—and the developing agent strong, so you can proceed without any difficulty by using the quantities as they now stand. Now if, by some miscalculation, the plate has been a little overtimed the addition of six or eight grains of bromide of potassium is required, the exact amount being determined by the superfluous time given. In cold weather the bromide will not appear to be necessary where it would be for a plate that had received just the same length of exposure in warmer weather, for the reasons that I mentioned earlier.

Again, we shall suppose that we have a subject dressed in white against a dark background, the costume a white gauze or muslin, and that we wish to retain all its transparent, filmy effects. The sitter will be placed in a position where the light is very soft; this, added to the darkness of the background, would necessitate at least double the exposure given to the first example; it might even mean four times as much, so that the dark parts receive a full exposure, which will later permit a slight under development of the entire plate. This is where the detail of texture is preserved. To develop, take the original formula (or any other) diluted to eight or ten ounces, possibly finishing with a few seconds' use of the chemicals at normal (six ounces) strength. This last suggestion must be tried with great precaution, however, as it may entirely change the character of the negative. If these instructions are a trifle indefinite it is because it would hardly be fair to make them otherwise. To apply an exact rule to such variable conditions could only prove misleading. Some mistakes are bound to occur, so negatives which require reduction or intensification will have to be provided for. Those which require reducing are divided into two classes: one for plates which are too harsh all over, the other for those in which the high lights only are too opaque. For the latter use persulphate of ammonia according to the formula given on the printed slip inclosed with almost every box of plates. On the same slip will also be found the other reducing formula and one for intensifying. The assistance of this sort of thing is really advisable sometimes, though not nearly so often as a beginner imagines—intensification particularly. If a plate is very thin don't rush to build it up at once; just wait a while until you are quite sure you would not spoil what is in reality a picture by changing the negative.

AN EXAMPLE OF WHITE TONES

The printing process which I prefer to recommend to beginners is the one in general use among advanced professionals and amateurs. There is no paper so simple, so clean, or so varied in its possible manipulations as platinotype, the dull surface allows one's interest to be given to the picture without the disturbing influence that a highly polished one will have upon the artistic sense. All printing papers which require toning with gold entail much more work in the finishing than the platinum papers do, and this, to my mind, is again wasted energy. Put the same amount of time into studying your negatives and you will probably get pictures of permanent value that would otherwise have been overlooked. Slight variations of working detail that occur with platinum paper as made by several different manufacturers are of no special importance here; the general working methods are all the same. If the negative is good you will have no difficulty in making a very satisfactory "straight" print; if the negative is not just right the devious paths of manipulated prints may offer a better solution of the question than by tampering with it either for reduction or intensification. In the matter of "straight" prints the exact shade to which they are carried will often make a vital difference in their pictorial effects; what might be considered a normal depth of tone may be either too light or too dark to be really interesting.

It is a good plan to take one negative and work upon that all the variations possible: try it in different depths of tone, try developers that vary in strength from a saturated solution of the oxalate salts to half strength, and finally plain water. Try paper old and new, a normal print and one sunned down entire or in parts. (Sunning down means exposure to bright light *after* the print is taken out of the frame.) Experiment with the developer used hot or cold, or with the addition of sepia developer to the solution for the ordinary gray prints. One or two of the thinnest grades of paper stock may be used to print through from the back; for some negatives in light tones it is a charming interpretation, but it is not an idea that can be used promiscuously; the image will be visible as usual on the sensitized side, but very, very faint and will take about a minute to develop fully instead of coming up at once. Though no platinum print of any description ought to be hurried to the acid bath, it should be light enough to allow a little delay.

The advisability of printing in sun or shade is too subtle a question to decide by rule. It depends somewhat on the condition of the paper, and it also depends on the negative and what one desires to get out of it. I can call to mind one negative I have which I don't seem to get right unless I print during the last half-hour of daylight and develop with hot solution.

One pound of oxalate of potassium dissolved in three quarts of hot water is the usual stock developer; used at that strength you may expect to get all the gradations of tone that the negative contains. The more the solution is diluted the smaller becomes the range of intermediate tones. Also, to go over the same ground from another standpoint, a very faint print will need the assistance of full-strength developer to bring out all the detail that has been recorded during its short exposure under the negative, and prints *over*done until they show a bronzing in the dark parts will yield a pure black and white image with no half tones if immersed in clear water. Both of these cases are extreme and are intended rather as suggestions to be enlarged upon.

Glycerine prints are another phase of platinum work. The simplest form of manipulation is to coat the entire print with a thick covering of glycerine; after this has soaked a while it is removed from the surface by means of clean, white blotting paper and the print developed by brushing on a mixture of equal parts of glycerine and oxalate developer. The effect is very interesting for some negatives, especially those with harsh contrasts, and gives a large, broad impression that is very painter-like.

On the same lines, but growing in difficulty with each more ambitious attempt, are the glycerine prints which are worked out with a brush for local development. It is safe to say that about one in ten comes out right. The least speck of developer falling where it is not wanted will make a spot that cannot be eradicated, and the print is spoiled, perhaps, when your very best effort is all but finished. The experts in this method have succeeded in combining both the gray and brown tones in one print.

PATRICIA

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶ At one time it began to look as though Uncle Sam would have all the routes and no canal.

¶ Somehow Mr. Kipling's poems are not strong enough in the feet to catch many Boer prisoners.

¶ Perhaps when the English statesmen declared that the war was at an end they meant the end of Africa.

¶ Why is it that a young woman on a bicycle looks something like a curiosity? Is civilization crawfishing?

¶ One swallow does not make a spring, but in Philadelphia it often makes enough typhoid to supply a family.

¶ So far as the homes of the country are concerned our foreign relations are not one-half as important or troublesome as our domestic servants.

¶ The girls who have the button-collecting craze would doubtless like to encounter the young Mr. Vanderbilt who uses solid gold instead of the bone kind.

¶ It is indeed a commercial age. Where poets used to welcome public guests with odes, fat politicians now greet them with statistics advertising the town.

¶ If the average man tries to believe one-half of either side of the Philippine question he will not have enough credulity left for ordinary business purposes.

¶ New York and some of our other cities have two divisions of time—rush hours and crush hours. Their residents would live longer if they would add a third—hush hours.

¶ Times certainly do change. Here is Bishop Potter quoting with reverence from Henry Ward Beecher. But it all goes to show how greatness lives and how it finds its way into universal recognition.

¶ It is hard to miss heroes in these days. Kokomo is not famous in song and story, but it is a good place in Indiana, and the other day, when four buildings were burning, Frank Wyatt, a railroad engineer, saved four lives at the risk of his own. So bravely did he do it that the City Council and two organizations all gave him gold medals. Fortunately the medals were presented at once, so that there was no delay to appoint a court of inquiry to find out whether Wyatt did right or wrong in accomplishing results.

The Ping-Pong Epidemic

PING PONG is upon us. It is a little late, but it's here Of course sporadic cases of ping-pong have been reported in this country for some months, but the outbreak has only just become general. Now that it has come its ravages promise to be severe. Ping pong is said to be the correct thing We shall all ping pong.

Ping-pong appears to have some, at least, of the earmarks of the real thing. For instance, it has its own disease. There is the ping-pong shoulder. Its cause is simple—too much ping-pong. Royalty in England is said to be suffering from it. Perhaps it is called pingpongitis. Anyhow, we shall all have it. We have survived bicycle face and golf wrist; who's afraid of ping-pong shoulder?

Of course English royalty is playing ping-pong furiously or it would not have the lameness in its royal shoulder. But better than this, for the purpose of the present moment, German royalty is playing the game. Whether or not to the point of developing the pathological symptom is not stated, but certainly to the stage of an hour's play after dinner every night. This, Emperor William himself—without doubt the lesser royalties play it after breakfast. Ping-pong is reported as being the first exercise that our own dear Prince Henry ventured on when recovering from his American tour. The muscle he developed here in hand-shaking must have given him a ping-pong stroke which was rather alarming to the other players. He is said, by the way, to have observed to a friend that his visit here was itself a good deal like a game of ping-pong, in which he was the ball.

Ping pong is pronounced cheap, safe, easily learned, gently invigorating, and above all, fascinating. So, welcome to ping pong!

The man who never makes mistakes does not know the real pleasure there is in being right.

Bad Form in Courtship

WHEN the typewriter first came out divers courageous young men tried it in communicating with the ladies of their choice, but, so far as the records go, always with disastrous results. Even the married man who ventures to address his wife on the machine takes his chances, and is usually brought to see his error. There is a suggestion of "Your esteemed favor of the 24th inst. received and contents noted" about the typewritten letter which will not down. As for the telephone, it seems scarcely credible that any man should ever have tried a proposal over it; but cases are not wanting, such is the hardihood of youth. These instances, however, statisticians note, all occurred when the telephone was new, and it need not be recorded that in every case the misguided man (let us not call him lover) soon found himself beltoing alone, and met the information from "central" that "the party has rung off." Though, after all, the telephone still has its important functions in courtship; as a means of ascertaining the views of the lady's father it must ever remain a deserving favorite.

Of course, in the case of wireless telegraphy, if the lover had a private plant which he was capable of working personally, and the lass was similarly equipped, perhaps any objection to the device for courtship purposes might disappear; but this at present is out of the question. The time may come when every man will be his own wireless telegrapher, and perhaps wear an extensible pole down the back of his neck which he can project at pleasure, and flash messages to the man across the street. Conversation, with the wasteful wear and tear on the vocal organs, may be done away with, and we may yet sit about a room, each clicking off his wireless remarks from his own pole.

But this is of the future. At present the young man in love would do well to avoid wireless courtship.

Home is where the heart lives and where the bills are sent.

The People and the Senate

ONE of the insistent but seemingly futile demands for a change in our Government is that regarding the manner of electing United States Senators. It is an old and familiar subject, and it is to the fore once more, with results slightly better than has marked its course heretofore. In previous years its fate has had a distressing monotony. Some State Legislatures declared for the election of Senators by the popular vote; many of the Representatives in Congress were committed to the movement; the bill for the proper amendment of the Constitution went through the House of Representatives—and then it was promptly buried in the pigeonholes of the Senate.

But, like all movements that have conviction and public sentiment behind them, this one fails to be discouraged. It grows on its defeats. Many States have declared for the change. The newspapers have printed thousands of columns in favor of it. They have shown that certain men have become members of the Senate by money or manipulation, or both, and that Senatorial fights in Legislatures have been responsible not only for flagrant corruption but for serious interference with the work of State legislation. Furthermore, it has been demonstrated that the men who won or bought Senatorial prizes could never have been chosen to such high places if they had depended upon the suffrages of the whole people.

Arguments such as these, and other arguments similar to them, are continually increasing in number and in force, and every few years we have striking illustrations which show the degrading effects of a money contest for a place in the Senate—effects which degrade not only the Legislature which makes the choice, but which act strongly upon the people and upon the Senate as well

It is this very persistence that has brought the topic from the Senate pigeonholes and led some of the Senators and the newspapers that support them into an open defense of the present system. Senator Hoar has discussed the matter in a speech of high intelligence and ability. He defends the election of Senators by Legislatures and declares that it is the only plan that gives us a true federated Government. To elect Senators by popular suffrage would, in his opinion, simply give us two Houses of Representatives, and would greatly impair the Senate's efficiency as a careful deliberative body.

Senator Penrose seeks apparently to ridicule the measure by a bill which he has introduced basing Senatorial representation on population, which would give dozens of Senators to the big States and only two to such commonwealths as Rhode Island and Delaware. Some of the advocates of the present method call it "a veritable cornerstone of the American Union."

The people have the power in their own hands. If they will elect to their Legislatures men who cannot be bought either by money, influence or office they will get better Senators. A change in the system might produce improved results, and it might not. Citizens who would vote to send a money-taker to the Legislature might also vote to send a money-spender to the Senate. All that may happen, for the new plan has never been tried. But it has happened, and it does happen constantly, that, when the people elect honest Legislatures, the honest Legislatures send acceptable men to the United States Senate.

So, until the change is made, the responsibility falls upon the citizens who elect the Legislatures as heavily as it falls upon the Legislatures which elect the United States Senators.

In courtship the fellow who holds his own is the winner.

The Value of Knowing How

IT WAS this magazine that first called general attention to the remarkable demand for the graduates of the technical schools. It did this in two ways: first, in statements of the fact, and then more intimately and interestingly in articles from the heads of the leading technical schools of the country. Recent inquiry has shown that the call for the services of these young men has increased rather than diminished. The writer of this recently spent a day with the head professor of one of the important scientific and technical schools, and it was a revelation. The young men were, with few exceptions, of the sturdy type, full of good spirits, cheerful in their labors, and not at all backward in having as much fun with the professor as he could get from them. The high stimulus of fine, intelligent work was never better shown. The thoroughness of it, too, was astonishing, for the students had to know how to do carpenter work as well as how to build bridges and great structures, and how to manage immense mills.

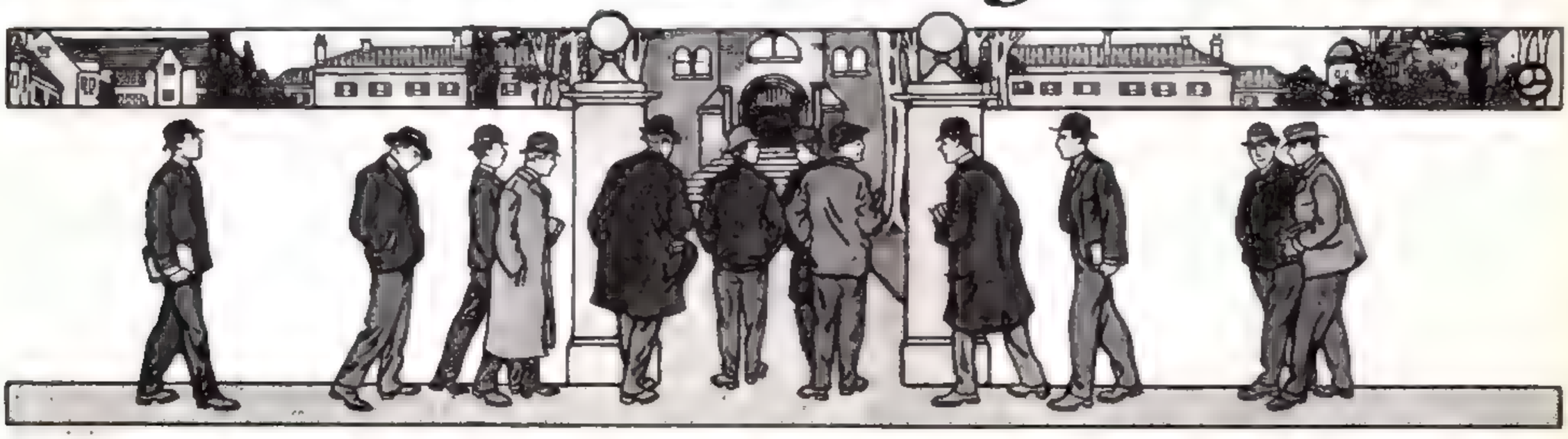
"Already," said the professor, "places are offered to every graduate student we have for the year, and some of them will have their choice of several important positions. Here is a letter which I received from one of our last year's men—an unusually capable man." The professor laughed a little as he added: "He is already getting a much larger salary than I am receiving at this university. It almost tempts me to become a graduate student myself"

The other side of this remarkable condition has just been told by Mr. E. J. Buffington, President of the Illinois Steel Company, one of the largest concerns of its kind in the world "We want educated young men—graduates of technical schools," he said. He referred to the case of President Schwab—what a wonderful case that is!—and remarked that he worked almost into his position under the old school, and that the gift of business genius, which is always rare, did the rest in elevating him to his present unprecedented success. "There will be Carnegies and Schwabs in the future," said Mr. Buffington, "men who, through a powerful personality and great ability, will rise in spite of circumstances;" but the average young man of good, even of unusual, gifts must know technical science if he expects to win the larger prizes.

So quickly does modern civilization move, so imperative are its demands and so exacting its specifications, that the young man must know not only the textbook facts but how to use them practically.

The industrial situation is a lesson for all callings, and never was the Jack of all trades and the master of none so doomed to a bare existence as he is to-day.

The Home College Course



POETRY—By Jefferson B. Fletcher

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JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER

WHY is it that on sitting down to write about poetry one instantly becomes apologetic or pugnacious? proceeds to patronize the art by insisting on its (unapparent) usefulness, or loftily to objurgate "the average man" or "the practical man" for his indifference to it? The average, practical man has his own good reasons for ignoring poetry, he is hardly likely to be argued or scolded into a love for it.

"Poetry's unnat'ral," once remarked the very practical Mr. Weller with scorn, "no man ever talked in poetry." Why not say things as men "talk" them, and not in singsong, senseless jingles? But let me put to Mr. Weller an apparently irrelevant case. Mr. Weller was a soft hearted man at bottom—as "the average, practical man" generally is. He goes to the theatre, gulps and blows his nose when Lothario—*to slow music*—parts from Angelina. Lothario talked in prose; his words made Mr. Weller sad. But of what good was the music? Why did the practical manager pay to have slow music at that juncture? Well, just to make Mr. Weller sadder—nothing else. I suppose no one doubts that some music makes us sad—why, is perhaps a little hard to say. So two things were conspiring to make Mr. Weller sad—a sad speech and a sad music. Doubtless, his attention was wholly bent on Lothario's words, on the sad speech; he may have been quite unaware that the music was moving him at all, reinforcing the sadness of the speech. But it was; else why should the manager, being a practical man, pay for the music?

Now, the poet—most unpractical of men, we say—the poet does precisely what the manager does. Only, it being inconvenient to send an orchestra along with his sad or merry speeches, he tries to make his words, when spoken, not merely mean something, but by their melodious sound and rhythm carry their own accompaniment of slow, or lively, music as well. This verbal music does, or should do, precisely what the orchestra in the theatre was paid to do—it reinforces by its own direct moving power the sad or merry meaning of the words themselves.

So-Called Prose that is Really Poetry

"No man ever talked in poetry?" On the contrary, every man talks in poetry—sometimes, often. Listen to an excited man, whose voice, but not words, you can hear. Can you not tell at once whether he is merry, or angry, or grief stricken? I cannot read a dog's thoughts or feelings when he is baying the moon; but I assume that he is melancholy because he makes me so. But there is a way of proving that men do talk in poetry: we can put our fingers on staves of verse which their authors wrote as prose, meant as prose. I have space for only one or two examples; I might multiply them by thousands.

> How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!

This *hexameter* line is but one of more than two dozen that have been culled from Scriptural prose. If you say Biblical prose is exceptional prose, poetical prose, let me cite another case. Take this couplet:

> Woody Morv'n, and echoing Sora, and Selma with its silent halls!
> 'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call.

In my opinion, at least, that is not a bad couplet, even if it is made up of a line of "poetry" from Tennyson and a fragment of "prose" from Matthew Arnold, that stickler for plain prose, who censured Ruskin for writing "prose-poetry." (My only "doctoring" has been to indicate the natural slurring of "Morven," and to write "hall" instead of "halls" for rhyme.)

The inevitable inference is that poetry and prose—emotional prose—shade into one another. Both are speech instinctively rhythmical—as a dog's baying of the moon is rhythmical. In *so-called* poetry, or verse, these instinctive rhythms are studied, systematized, their beats marked off—though not necessarily—by rhymes. There is no sharp distinction between prose and verse, but a continuous gradient from the baldest statement to the most artful strophe. "Poetry's not unnat'ral," but natural music of speech concentrated to an end, like steam in a cylinder.

And this end I have defined as emotional. Verse is the concentrated music of speech; and music makes direct appeal to our emotions. Since that is the main end of verse, to move us like music, is not verse misused when there are put into it words not intended to stir our emotions, but simply to inform us of some matter?

> Thirty days hath September,
> April, June and November
> All the rest have thirty-one,
> Except February alone

We have most of us cherished these verses. The most practical man will admit their usefulness. But again—

> Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
> The proper study of mankind is Man

The usefulness of this idea is also patent; it gives us good, practical advice. But why in verse? Well, like the verses about the Calendar, we can remember it easily. Moreover, as we read it aloud we must feel how the emphasis of the voice is guided by the rhythm, the pause, the rhyme, so as to be laid precisely on the right meaning. Undoubtedly, then verse may be useful in other ways than in moving us like music: it is certainly a help to memory; it may reinforce logical clearness or rhetorical emphasis.

Shall we call verse used merely usefully—as a mnemonic or rhetorical aid—poetry? "What's in a name?" you ask. Well, nothing—unless naming two different things alike blurs for you their real difference. Suppose you call Pope's lines, above, poetry because they are in rhymed metre, and you call Arnold's phrase, "Woody Morven, and echoing Sora, and Selma with its silent halls," prose because it occurs in a sentence the rest of which is unquestionable prose. See what you come to. Arnold's line is a perfect verse reinforcing by the melancholy of its dropping rhythm the pensive sense of the words it carries; Pope's couplet is a smartly uttered commonplace, the verse merely reinforcing the rhetorical antithesis, not moving us, not touching any spring of emotion. Which is the true poetry, think you?

The Two Great Poetical Generations

Now, as we glance back over the five centuries of English poetry, the compositions of some fifteen generations of poets, we find, perhaps to our surprise, that the greater mass of this production is, after all, rather verse used mnemonically, or for logical and rhetorical emphasis, than effectively to reinforce, by its moving power as music, greatly moving themes. In fact, counting by generations rather than by scattered poets or poems, we can with entire conviction call but two generations out of the whole fifteen preeminently poetical. I say "with entire conviction," since we are still too near the generation of Tennyson to feel certain about the lasting value of its poetry. The two generations I mean are those of Shakespeare and Wordsworth. I do not mean their entire periods of life, or in Wordsworth's case, even of working life. The Elizabethan age of poetry extends only from about Shakespeare's coming of age, say 1585, to his death, in 1616. The Wordsworthian, or so-called Romantic, age similarly begins about Wordsworth's maturity, say 1791, and ends with Shelley's death, in 1822: although Wordsworth lived twenty-eight years longer, his great poetry and the great poetry of the Romantic Movement were done by 1822.

It is significant that, historically speaking, these two highly poetical periods are also highly emotional periods. Each found itself faced by an issue profoundly affecting the whole European world—the issue involved in the German Reformation, in the French Revolution. The one idea under both these was *Freedom*. I have no space to exhibit the specific working of this idea in the poetry of the two generations in which it was still a live issue. I wish merely to insist that it filled all minds, whether welcomed or combated by them, and that it brought with it heat as well as light. In such nobly contentious times speech is naturally emotional, and by instinct seeks the moving power of music, of verse, to reinforce its emotional utterance. Further, although Englishmen felt sympathetically, imaginatively, the full force of the issue, in both instances they were immune at home from the numbing physical struggle itself; therefore, their overcharged emotions were not drained off, as those of Germans and Frenchmen, in action.

To attain a standard of high poetry, then, an English-speaking reader should linger often and long over the work of these two periods; to find his way among the other periods ought after that to be easy. I have now only to suggest one among many possible introductory courses of reading summarily illustrative of the whole field. As a chart by which to keep one's whereabouts, Stopford Brooke's Primer of English Literature, brought up to date by G. R. Carpenter (Macmillan, 1900), is indispensable. The best anthology of the whole period is Palgrave's Golden Treasury (first and second series). The best general collection of selected poems on a larger scale, running to about 1850, is The English Poets, in four volumes, edited by T. H. Ward.

The Work of Chaucer and Spenser

English poetry begins with Chaucer, who, by the anticipation of individual genius, already expresses some of the best characteristics of the Elizabethans. His most familiar piece is the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales. It is like a bas-relief of the personages of the Shakespearian drama. The customs and costumes are different, the human nature is a little more toned down. More than Shakespeare, perhaps, Chaucer allows his own personality to be felt—his glancing humor, his benignity, his uncompromising honesty. Like Thackeray, he loves to take the reader into his confidence, with quizzical asides, with manly sermonizings—now and then, be it owned, a little long. Indeed, he is the novelist of the poets. Only his even, mellow verse puts his people a little off from us, and moves us to a pensiveness half melancholy.

The century and three-quarters between Chaucer and Shakespeare is to all but the professional reader a submerged flat. Only some of the ballads, martial and eerie, need be excepted. Of these, perhaps, I might mention Sir Patrick Spens, Chevy Chase and the Robin Hood Cycle.

The Shepherd's Calendar (1579) of Edmund Spenser is commonly reckoned as the farther milestone of Elizabethan poetry. The lay reader will, I think, be disappointed in it as a whole. It voices no very significant idea to him; its emotion is largely factitious. But it has one golden, or rather, fiery, passage significant of much, and most of all of Sidney and Marlowe, of the lyric and drama of real passion.

> Thou kenst not, Percie, how the rymne should rage.
> O! if my temples were distaind with wine
> And girt in girlonds of wild Yvie twine,
> How I could rear the Muse on stately stage,
> And teache her tread aloft in buskin fine,
> With queint Bellona in her equipage!

"Poor Marlowe distaind his temples with wine only too well for his own good; but he certainly was enabled to do what Spenser boasted but never attempted. Marlowe's drama is imperfect, and imperfectly preserved, but its best moments are for passionate intensity of thought sustained by

Editor's Note—This is the second paper in the first series of articles which will constitute The Home College Course. There will be four more papers on English Language and Literature, which are to be followed by six articles on Contemporary Science. The Editors will cheerfully answer questions pertaining to these courses.

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a passionate rhythm of verse unsurpassed even by Shakespeare. Dr. Faustus is less good as a play than Edward II, but more interesting in subject, and, moreover, in its last scene the death of Faustus, is supreme Byron's Manfred, by the way, might well be read with Dr. Faustus. The conjunction will reveal the spiritual affinities not only of the two men, but of their revolutionary epochs

The Towering Height of Shakespeare

Through Marlowe Shakespeare found himself But the deepest reason why he towers above Marlowe, and above his fellows, lies in his power to realize not merely one passion at a time, but rather that conflict of many passions at once which rounds out living character and further, to key his verse not merely, like Marlowe, to one stridency of passion, but to every mood, angry or pensive, mocking or caressing. Romeo and Juliet, As You Like It, Henry IV, Othello, Lear, Hamlet, The Tempest, will reveal some of his many moods

In his drama Shakespeare reveals other men; in his sonnets, his own moods—though not necessarily his literal experiences. More in the nature of confessions, perhaps, are the sonnets of Sidney

The Shakespearian drama and these sonnets reveal the strenuous mood of the time, but as Shakespeare has his hour of dreams in The Tempest, so the time has its man of dreams in Spenser. Spenser by no means always dreams; but we care for him most when he merely does—as in Mutopotmos, or the exquisite idyl of Calidore and Pastorella (Faerie Queene, VI, ix-xi). Rarely does he strike the note of lyric passion. Once it is a still small voice through a blare of orchestration; his own Epithalamion. Once again in the splendid Platonism of the Hymns to Love, and to Beauty

With Milton passion is again vehement, and to be felt in its purity in the two great sonnets, On His Blindness and On the Late Massacre in Piedmont. In Paradise Lost, a poem "fallen on evil times," there is also a new strain, not so poetical, of argumentative heat, and of disquisitional light. The sublimity of verse and style, and the Marlowesque titanism of Satan, are what we most care for Satan is most fully protagonist in Book I, vv. 506 to end

Outside of Milton, seventeenth-century poetry is without a great idea. Except in the best of John Donne, who is indeed still Elizabethan, it is best when it eschews passion. Otherwise we feel passion lashing its thighs. Lyrics of gallantry, Suckling's, Lovelace's, Herrick's; pretty pastorals, Herrick's and Marvell's—these are its unfactitious moods

From these pleasant valleys of poetry we are led upon a tableland of high level, but somewhat arid, between the heights of pure poetry and the flats of plain prose. From Milton to Burns there prevails that mood of oratory and argument already felt in Paradise Lost; verse is for the most part more a means of emphasis to logical or rhetorical point than a carrier of emotion. Let us pass on to Burns

The best of Burns is his unique blending of quizzical, clear-sighted humor and manly tenderness—he is a kind of peasant Chaucer. His complex mood comes out best in such poems as the Address to a Mouse and Tam o'Shanter, and in his Scotch songs of the type of Auld Lang Syne, John Anderson, Whistle and I'll Come to You, My Lad

Eighteenth-century poetry is of the town, or of the town's idea of the country. Witness Goldsmith's Deserted Village—"Sweet Auburn," sweet but unreal. Burns takes us into the real open air, the more bracing for occasional easterliness. We feel more alive because of him.

The Tempest was Shakespeare's one hour of dreams. Wordsworth voices the later age of poetry, as Shakespeare the earlier—and Wordsworth's poetry is all a dreaming. Not an empty dream. What he dreams of he has told in the Lines Composed near Tintern Abbey, in I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud, in Intimations of Immortality, in the Ode to Duty, in the sonnet On Westminster Bridge. The list might be largely extended, but the theme is ever the same. Matthew Arnold has named the theme "the healing power of Nature:" in her presence is our peace.

For Shelley, for Byron, this Wordsworthian gospel of withdrawal from the fever and fret of life is a surrender. Yet they have nothing to offer instead but dreams, dejected dreams, of an impossible fraternity, an impossible freedom, until, in Don Juan, Byron breaks the whole bubble in disgust. Shelley lives for us not in his airy constructions, but in the pathos of admitted failure. It is when he cries out for consolation to Nature that we listen to him—in the Ode to the West Wind Stanzas Written in Dejection near Naples, The Cloud, To a Skylark, and in brief lyrics each a sob

These three are the voices of the revolutionary time Other great poets there are Scott, Coleridge, Keats, Landor—but they are artists, not prophets; their dreams are delightful, but lead no whither. Scott's Marmion is a stirring tale, in stirring verse; Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, Christabel, and Kubla Khan are eerie enchantments set to a ghostly music; Keats' poetry—the most exquisite *art* of all English poetry—is sensuously beautiful in the Odes to a Nightingale, to Autumn, on a Grecian Urn, in the Last Sonnet; is almost sublime in the sonnet on Chapman's Homer, in the fragment of Hyperion; but no one of these four poets has a significant something to tell us—as Wordsworth has.

The Victorian Age

I have space but for a word or two about the next age—the Victorian. Matthew Arnold, Fitzgerald, Tennyson, Browning and Mrs. Browning seem now the poets who most clearly voice it; certainly in the long run their voices are those it has most heard Strange that it should be so, for Arnold depreciated Shelley, yet Shelley's mood of thwarted aspiration, of passionate failure, is very near Arnold; only, where Shelley cries out Arnold but compresses his lips. Read Self Dependence, Dover Beach. Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyám is but Byron's last reckless defiance—a defiance, and nothing more Tennyson wavers: In Memoriam denies doubt for faith, understanding for feeling It is a hazardous refuge, from which in the second Locksley Hall he seems shaken. His ultimate is in the exquisite Crossing the Bar—a pious hope, a confident wish. Browning alone is consistently buoyant, jubilant. For him Pope's lightly-spoken "Whatever is, is best" takes on life and meaning: sorrow, pain, sin itself, are but the gymnastics of the soul. Because we are foolish, unhappy to-day, to-morrow we become wise, therefore happy. It is a deep paradox; it is perhaps most nobly expressed in Prospice, Rabbi Ben Ezra, Apparent Failure, Epilogue to Asolando—best of all in The Ring and the Book ("Pompilia"). Mrs. Browning speaks no such deep message, but English poetry has perhaps not elsewhere to show such ecstasy of chaste love as in her Sonnets from the Portuguese, especially I, XXVII, XXVIII, XLIII.

Contemporary with the Victorians are our own representative American poets Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, Whitman, Poe. Their inspiration, however, is still dominantly "romantic." Bryant, in Thanatopsis and To a Water-Fowl, has manifest affiliations with Wordsworth. Whittier also is best in his sympathetic pictures of New England country life, as in Snow Bound and The Tent on the Beach. Longfellow and Lowell introduced their then provincial public to the myths and legends of Europe, especially mediæval Europe. Even better, they revealed the romance and the humor of the New World in such native-born works as Evangeline, The Courtship of Miles Standish, Hiawatha, full of color of North, East and West, and in The Biglow Papers, contrasting so sharply the humors of North and South Transcending locality, and expressing crudely, even sprawlingly, its democratic largeness of mood, is Walt Whitman, self-declared poet of the whole people's land. At least his lament for Lincoln—O Captain! my Captain!—must appeal to all. Poet of Democracy also is Emerson, who is yet better loved in his personal moods of It is Time to be Old and the Threnody, and his Nature poems, The Humble-Bee, Monadnock, and the Snow-Storm. His philosophical poems—for example, Brahma—are of the mood of Coleridge. Of Coleridge's mystical, melodious, eerie manner of poetry is even more Poe, who as pure poet stands highest of the seven, of what might be called the American *Pleiade*. To some the popular Raven seems a little meretricious; but Lines to Helen, Ulalume, Annabel Lee, Israfel, The City in the Sea, Lenore, show the moving power of word-music at its utmost

Victorian poetry, at its highest, has been a search for a faith beyond life, beyond earthly life. At the very close comes Kipling. I will not presume to estimate his poetry. Read The Last Chantey, McAndrew's Hymn, Mary Pity Women. It is the early Elizabethan mood of humanity elate in its own power, questioning what to do, not why to do at all Are we coming back to that, or to something like that?

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"'Senator, you have great wealth and many honors and I know that you are a man of abundant happiness, but do you not at times cherish a wish for something in addition to all your present achievement?'

"While I had been speaking Senator Hanna had been looking along the table at several dishes which he had not tasted, for although he is blessed with a rare constitution he does not eat to excess

"'Yes, I have a wish,' he replied 'and it is very similar to one expressed by an ancient Roman. My wish is that I might eat what I please and compel some Democrat to digest it.'"

A Rainy Night in Stageland

Mr. Richard Mansfield is not celebrated for his lively sense of humor, but this serious cast of his mind does not prevent him from occasionally indulging in a bit of humor no less enjoyable because unconscious. Recently in conducting a dress rehearsal of a play in which occurs a rain scene, Mr. Mansfield and his entire company began coughing violently from a shower of dust which suddenly filled the wings. "Stage rain" is generally made by the dropping of split peas in a drum cylinder, and in this case there was an instant suspicion that the "rain box" had not recently been cleaned

But none of the stage hands volunteered the information until Mr. Mansfield fiercely exclaimed

"I demand to know where this abominable dust comes from!"

Finally one of the men, more courageous than his associates, ventured the explanation "I think it comes from the rain box, sir

"And can't you wash the rain?" inquired Mr. Mansfield in all seriousness

Bismarck on Champagne

The added dignity of Ambassador is becoming to Baron Ladislaus Hengelmuller von Hengervar, who has filled with distinction the post of Minister to the United States from Austria Hungary. The decision of his home Government to raise its Washington Legation to an Embassy is in keeping with the tendency of the nations in regard to diplomatic representation in the United States

In the service of his country Baron von Hengervár has been stationed successively in Berlin, Paris and London, and finally in Washington

Years ago, when he was Assistant Secretary of the Austrian Embassy at Berlin, Bismarck gave a dinner to which the Baron was invited All the guests except Von Hengervár drank champagne and Bismarck, noting the young man's abstinence, asked the reason therefor

"I have not yet earned the right so to indulge," was the reply

"Ah, that will not do," remarked Bismarck "it is allotted to every able-bodied man in this world to consume in his lifetime ten thousand bottles of champagne. So you should begin now, lest you fail to secure your just portion."

"If ten thousand bottles be the allotment for the ordinary man," responded the young diplomatist, bowing to the Iron Chancellor, "Your Excellency, being an extraordinary man, should have double allowance, and I, therefore, take great pleasure in awarding my share to you."

"I thank you," Bismarck replied, "but permit me to inform you that without waiting for your grand renunciation I have already passed the twenty thousand mark."

A Queer Quip on Quarles

Mr. Jerome C. Knowlton, professor of law in the University of Michigan, is popularly known as "the freshman's friend," and is famed among the student body for the fund of anecdotes which he has at his disposal The following is one with which he recently regaled his class in criminal law

United States Senator Quarles, of Wisconsin, was at one time a student in Michigan University. One morning Quarles went to his class in chemistry with the lesson for the day unprepared

Instead of calling the students from the roll, the good old chemistry professor went up one row and down another, calling upon the students to recite in the order in which they were seated. Quarles, hoping that his presence would be unobserved by the professor, and that thus his failure to prepare the lesson would escape unnoticed, took a seat on the back row directly behind a student of massive frame

When the professor came to the last row, where Quarles was sitting, the future Senator leaned as far back as he could and crouched down behind the big student in front. But the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley, and the ruse of Quarles proved unsuccessful. The crouching student was not passed by unnoticed and the class was electrified to hear the shrill, high pitched voice of the professor exclaim: "Quarles, Quarles, your ears are too long"

Governor Taft on Hemp

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IN THE recent hearings before the Senate Committee on the Philippines, Governor William H. Taft showed that he is blessed with philosophic serenity, and yet that he is not without resources in satire

Illustrative of that characteristic of the Governor a United States Senator tells the following story It was after a session of the Philippine Committee

"Well, Governor," remarked the Washington statesman, "there's one thing to be said in favor of our holding those islands and that is that you've enough unhanged Filipinos over there to turn out sufficient hemp to string up all the rascals in the world

"True," responded Governor Taft, "I hadn't thought of that before." Then he added laughingly: "And your remark throws a flood of light upon the secret of the strenuous opposition from certain quarters in this country against the free importation of hemp from Manila into the United States

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Several years later a fellow officer visited Admiral Howell, and saw children of the distinguished sailor playing about the house

"It's like a dream," said the visitor "You're a lucky man, Admiral," he added, "but tell me, how did you ever come to think about getting married?"

"Oh," replied Admiral Howell, glancing affectionately at his children at play, "I got tired of being referred to merely as the 'father of the modern torpedo.'"

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MR. JAMES WEBER LINN

Mr. James Weber Linn is the latest recruit to the ranks of the Western realists, and his first novel, The Second Generation *(The Macmillan Company)*, entitles him to a friendly reception from his fellows who have come earlier into this field, as well as from the reading public

There is strong, telling and conscientious work in this story, which deals with the ties, the hatreds, the tendencies and the unsolved problems transmitted from one generation to another. Unlike many novels of the realistic school, this has the advantage of a vigorous plot and good marching movement

Because the story is called realistic, let no reader make the mistake of thinking that it is lacking in that romantic interest which is demanded by those who read only for entertainment and not as an artistic recreation. The situations are uncommonly dramatic, and the tale holds the attention.

It is to be regretted that several mistakes, comparatively trivial in themselves, have been allowed to creep in, with the certain result of weakening the force of the story with those who chance to be familiar with the ground on which these slips have been made. In his first chapter the word "congressmen" is used when "legislators" or assemblymen" was intended; then the number of members of the Illinois House of Representatives is incorrectly given. This may be unimportant from the fictional viewpoint, but it would have been a serious consideration to the corruptionist who, like Christopher Wheeler, was bent on purchasing a working majority of votes at the prices quoted in the story

Altogether the novel is an excellent and worthy piece of work, and handles the threads of love, politics, business and reform in a manner to interest a wide and varied clientele of readers. In some particulars the book is decidedly daring; especially in the burden which is placed upon the shoulders of its hero—or rather its central character

—Forrest Crissey.

Gallantry in the Northwest

A. C. Laut (Miss Agnes C. Laut), who this spring follows up her Lords of the North with a new book, published by the Appletons, Heralds of Empire, a story which deals with the London of the Stuarts and with the men who conquered the wilderness of Canada), finds her chief recreation in long horseback journeys and in trips into the wild country of which she loves to write

She was taken to Winnipeg on account of her health when she was a little girl, and grew up in Manitoba. On several trips with a young woman friend, and an older lady as chaperon, she made expeditions into the Canadian Rocky Mountains

On one of these journeys she and her two friends stopped overnight at a tavern in a little miners' and trappers' town, in British Columbia, among the foothills of the Rockies.

They arrived late in the afternoon, and about nine o'clock a great uproar broke out in the barroom below the apartment which had been assigned to the visitors. The barroom was a big open place, and on passing the door the women had noticed that it was full of men. They thought that at least thirty were gathered there.

Eager voices, shouts and sounds of quarreling and struggling made a riotous din, and the women feared, as they crouched together in their fright, that shooting would soon begin.

Once, early in the disturbance, a high-pitched tenor voice called out, in a lull in the storm: "Remember, gents, that there's ladies upstairs!" and they supposed this was the reason why guns were not used

The din and shouting grew worse, and in a moment there came a fierce cry and a splash—a man had been thrown into the swift mountain stream that swirled under the rear of the building! There were renewed howls of rage, mingled with shouts of laughter; then came another splash.

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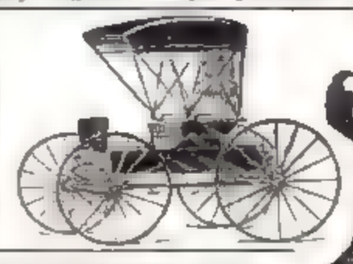

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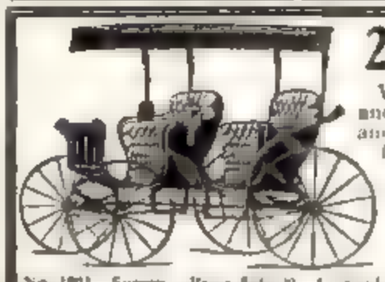

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In Soft Rough Finish.
Colors
Gray Mix, Black Mix, Brown Mix

A 50c Hat and a $1.00 Hat
For Man or Boy

Sent by mail to any address upon receipt of price in cash, postal note or stamps. We make these hats in two grades, 50 cents and $1.00. We guarantee satisfaction or that you can return hat and money will be refunded. [illegible] First National Bank of Middletown, N. Y. By ordering one hat you will [illegible] ordering give head size [illegible] number desired.

Middletown Hat Co., 68 Mill St., Middletown, N. Y.

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The latest delicacy from the National Biscuit Company

NABISCO Sugar Wafers made in many flavors

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Pyrography For PLEASURE and PROFIT

With our **Junior Outfit No. 50** you can quickly learn the beautiful art of Pyrography, or Wood Etching, by means of incandescent points. Burnt wood and leather decorations are exceedingly popular, and there is a constant demand for this work at good prices.

OUR PLAN: We will send our **Junior Outfit No. 50**, consisting of Junior platinum point No. 38; cork handle, rubber tubing and double bulb, metal cork and bottle alcohol lamp, basswood box, with design for decorating same, and full instructions for learning the art. *All on approval* for 10 days' free trial.

PRICE, if fully satisfactory, $5.25

We furnish designs of hundreds of useful and ornamental articles stamped, ready for burning.

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GLASS WATER COOLERS

Ice and Water Separate

No Germs, Insects, Rust or Dirt

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APPERT GLASS COMPANY, Broadway Chambers, N.Y.

The **IDEAL** SQUARE STEAM **Cooker**

With Doors. Cooks a whole meal over 1 burner, on *gasoline, oil, gas, or common cook stove.* **Reduces Fuel Bills One-Half**

Has water gauge and replenishing tube on outside. **Makes tough meats tender.** Will hold 12 one-quart jars in canning fruits. We also make the world-renowned round **Ideal Cooker with whistle.** *We pay express.* Send for illustrated catalogue—"Agents' Romance." **Agents Wanted.**

TOLEDO COOKER CO., Box 18, Toledo, O.

$3.00 Coaster Brake Fits any hub. Screws on in place of the usual sprocket. Any one can apply it. For free booklet and particulars, address **CANFIELD BRAKE CO., Corning, N. Y.**

ROSES 5 cents. Postpaid. All kinds. Carnations, Geraniums, Cannas, Dahlias. Strong plants. Catalog free.

W. R. GRAY, Oakton, Va.

The night, in fact, was one long nightmare, and throughout it came the splashings which marked that one man after another had been thrown into the rapid stream.

Morning dawned and the boisterousness still continued, though in diminished force. The three feared to venture downstairs.

"But no sooner was the first rustle of our gowns heard on the stairway," said Miss Laut, in telling the story, "than absolute silence fell upon the quarreling men below. Then all of them moved gallantly to the foot of the stair—some six or seven were left—and all stood bareheaded and all bowed with the utmost gallantry and deference.

"We were all greatly shaken, of course, and at breakfast I asked the proprietor if any of the men had been drowned.

"'No, ma'am; no, ma'am,' he said; and with a most gallant air he led me to a rear window.

"There was a steep bank on our side of the stream, and the tavern-keeper pointed out that the strong current unavoidably swept the men to the farther side.

"'It ain't very deep here, ma'am, and they're carried across there before they get a chance to drown, and it cools them off, ma'am, and it's just deep enough so they can't get back.'

"And on the other bank I saw a shivering clump of men."

Mr. Davis and the Italian

A pleasant story is told of Mr. Richard Harding Davis, and of how he once forced his ideas of courtesy upon another, even at personal risk.

Walking near old Fulton Market, New York, one morning, he saw coming toward him an Italian fish-dealer and his wife—the wife with a heavy fish-basket balanced upon her head, and the husband walking empty handed and empty headed, so to speak, by her side.

Mr. Davis flushed with indignation. "See there!" he said to his companion.

Then he walked up to the Italian. "Take that basket!" he commanded. "Carry it yourself, and be quick about it. We don't let women do this sort of thing in America."

The woman trembled and looked deprecatingly from one man to the other. It seemed as if she would prefer to carry two baskets rather than be even the innocent cause of her husband's anger.

The Italian slowly gathered what Davis meant, and his big fists doubled up, and with an ugly scowl he made one step toward the novelist.

Although Davis is himself a large and athletic man, the Italian towered far above him and seemed made of knotted muscles.

But Davis was undaunted, and something in his look, something in his firm athletic build and posture, made the Italian pause.

"Take that basket, and take it quick!" cried Davis, more mandatorily than before; and the Italian giant hesitated, turned toward his wife, took the basket from her head, and walked off with it, while the woman trotted silently at his side.

Winning an Earl's Friendship

Ralph Connor, author of Black Rock and other stories of the Northwest, is a close and honored friend of the Earl of Aberdeen, former Governor-General of Canada, and the circumstances which brought about this friendship make an interesting story.

The Governor-General, on a tour of the Northwest, visited the distant settlement of Banff, where Ralph Connor, who is a Presbyterian minister, whose real name is Rev. Charles W. Gordon, and whose home is now at Winnipeg, was then a missionary.

Lady Aberdeen was with her husband, and an invitation was sent to Mr. Gordon, the Presbyterian missionary, to dine with them. Much to their surprise the reply came that Mr. Gordon was unable to do so, as he had an appointment which would take him away from the settlement at the time of the dinner.

Not until some time afterward (and then not through Mr. Gordon himself) did the Governor-General learn that the missionary's appointment, on account of which he had declined the invitation to dinner, was an engagement at a distant post to preach to some half-dozen miners, who were practically outside of civilization, and whom the missionary would not neglect even for the opportunity to meet persons of title and wealth—an opportunity rare in that isolated neighborhood.

Lord Aberdeen was strongly impressed by the devotion of the missionary, and took pains specially to cultivate his friendship.

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LIQUID COURT PLASTER

For Cuts, Abrasions, Hang-Nails, Chapped and Split Lips or Fingers, Burns, Blisters, etc. Instantly Relieves Chilblains, Frosted Ears, Stings of Insects, Chafed or Blistered Feet, Callous Spots, etc., etc.

A coating on the sensitive parts will protect the feet from being chafed or blistered by new or heavy shoes.

Applied with a brush and immediately dries, forming a tough, transparent, colorless waterproof coating.

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are all liable to bruise, scratch, or scrape their skin. "New-Skin" will relieve these injuries, will not wash off, and after it is applied the injury is forgotten, as "New-Skin" makes a temporary new skin until the broken skin is healed under it. EACH

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2-oz. Bottles (for Surgeons and Hospitals) **50c**

At the Druggists, or we will mail a package anywhere in the United States on receipt of price.

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BEAUTIFUL MANTELS

At the Price of Ordinary

THIS MANTEL COMPLETE

$28.90

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is a sample of what it means to buy from us at factory prices. We have for years shipped mantels to every part of the U. S. and can refer to satisfied customers everywhere. You can deal with us as safely and satisfactorily as if we were located in your town. Don't pay fancy prices, but buy at first hand. Our beautiful 64-page catalogue for 1902 (10 x 14 inches) just ready, sent for 10 cents, which covers postage. It shows over 50 large illustrations of the latest in mantel architecture, on which we pay freight, and gives *special price list.* Send at once.

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For Those Who Want the Best

Experience and critical discernment add emphasis to our claims for the "**Recreation Launch.**" In grace and beauty of design, in thoroughness of construction and finish, in first cost and future maintenance, it excels all others.

Simplicity of Operation

is another feature that will appeal to you. There is that Safety, Certainty and Security so essential in a pleasure craft.

Send 10c. for complete Launch Catalogue "J."

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Electric, Portable, Fresh or Salt Water Propeller

Applied to any boat in a moment. Absolutely practical. Noiseless, Odorless and Safe. Nothing to get out of order or explode. Machinery all being in propeller and rudder, saves room in boat. Easiest to operate, runs in very shallow water; just the thing for fishing and hunting. We also make four types of motor generators and three sizes of gasoline generators.

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The most useful and labor-saving device ever applied to a Bicycle. We will attach it to any bicycle for $4.50. Write for *free trial offer* and complete 1902 Catalogue of Bicycles and Sundries.

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our floors have looked better than ever before.

Yes, James, I have noticed it; besides the work of keeping them clean is about one-third of what it was when we used the other wax.

The Johnsons, of Racine, Wis., know how to make a floor wax better than anyone else.

Johnson's Prepared Wax is the standard of the World. Most dealers sell it. If your paint or drug dealer doesn't, send his name and we will forward you **one can of wax free.**

SENT FREE—Valuable booklet "The Proper Treatment for Floors," or new catalogue "Ornamental Hardwood Floors."

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Fine ¼ Kt. Diamonds in These Newest Hand-Carved Mountings **$35**

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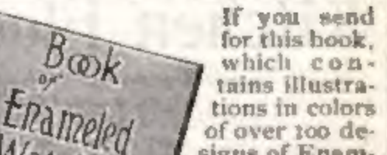
Send to-day for terms.



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GILBERT'S HEEL CUSHIONS

"Worn inside the shoe."

Increase Height, Arch the Instep, Make Better Fitting Shoes, Remove Jar in Walking. Indorsed by physicians. Simply placed in the heel, felt down. Don't require larger shoes. ⅜ in., 35c.; ½ in., 35c.; 1 in., 50c. per pair. At shoe and dep't stores. **READ:** Send name, size shoe, height desired, and 2-cent stamp for pair on ten days' trial.

GILBERT MFG. CO., 16 Elm Street, Rochester, N. Y.

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS Superior to all others.

William Mason Writes:

"In my opinion, the **MASON & HAMLIN PIANOS** rank with the best made."

The Florsheim SHOE

A shoe that fits the eye should fit the foot—or you don't want it. There is a style-effect of smartness characterizing all shapes of The Florsheim Shoe which appeals to good dressers, but, more important, every pair is made over a foot-form last, and fits. The bench work and materials are the same as you get from your shoemaker at $3 to $12.

The Avon

Patent Leather.

Seal Top.

A Shoe For Good Dressers.

Ask your dealer for The Florsheim Shoe with "Florsheim" woven in the strap and stamped in the sole. The price is $5 a pair. Our new book, "The Florsheim Way of Foot Fitting," tells more. Sent Free.

Foot blemishes are fast disappearing since the advent of The Florsheim Shoe.

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CHICAGO, U. S. A.

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This is the only preparation which is made expressly for

Kitchen Floors

You can apply it yourself. It preserves the wood, gives it a bright, natural finish; it prevents dust and dirt, does away with bugs, and keeps the room clean, sweet and healthful. **WAXENE** is not a wax, wash or varnish, but an entirely new preparation—the only thing in the world that will prevent a floor from spotting, coloring or soiling with hot grease or water. *Every kitchen should have it.*

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The Reading Table

The Years of the Pontificate

Pope Leo XIII has just celebrated the completion of the twenty-fourth year of his pontificate. If he live for one year longer he will finish the destruction of one of the most ancient traditions of the Catholic Church. Down to the sixteenth of June, 1871, it was widely believed that no Pope since Peter could reign for twenty-five years. That was the length ascribed to Peter's pontificate, and in all the eighteen hundred years between him and Pius IX, the predecessor of the present Pope, none had ruled so long. That none could do so had become an article of firm belief. The Pope was told on his accession: "*Non videbis annos Petri*" ("Thou shalt not see the years of Peter"). There had been almost two hundred and sixty Popes in these eighteen centuries, and the rule had not had one single exception. It was natural, therefore, that when the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of Pius IX approached there should be general apprehension throughout the Catholic world. The Pope himself did not expect to reach the limit which none of his predecessors since Peter had attained. But the fated date came and went and Pius IX still lived. He lived six years longer, and when he died on the seventh of February, 1878, he had reigned for nearly thirty-two years.

Now Leo XIII seems likely to give the tradition its final blow. In another year, if he live, two Popes in succession will have done what not a single Pope before them ever did in eighteen centuries. Already the combined reigns of Pius IX and Leo XIII surpass all records in the long history of the Papacy. There have been only two Popes in the last fifty-five years. On an average in former times there would have been eight in the same number of years. In the fifty-two years following 891 there were nineteen. On several occasions there were two in a single year. In 1590–92 there were four in less than two years. The average length of a pontificate from the time of Peter to that of Pius IX was less than seven years. Under the last two Popes it has been nearly twenty-eight years.

Leo XIII has already surpassed all the predecessors of Pius IX except Pius VI, who assumed the tiara just before our Revolution, on February 15, 1775, and reigned for twenty-four years, six months and fourteen days, until August 29, 1799. It was with the last-named Pontiff that the era of papal longevity may be said to have begun, for his successor, Pius VII, reigned twenty-three years, five months and seven days, from March 13, 1800, to August 20, 1823—a record that had not been touched in the thousand years from Adrian I, who was the contemporary of Charlemagne and Haroun-al-Raschid, to Pius VI.

Pius IX was comparatively a young man at the time of his election, but Leo XIII was not. If he can complete his quarter-centennial the traditional limit of the years of Peter will be disposed of forever. —*Samuel E. Moffett.*

Why Noses Point East

Very few people's noses are set properly upon their faces. Any observant person who will go along the street and take notice of the nasal organs of the passers-by may easily convince himself on the subject. Not one individual in a hundred, whether man or woman, is above criticism as to the arrangement of his or her nose.

It is not that most people's noses are not sufficiently well-shaped. Whatever may be thought of the Chinese nose, or the African, or the Filipino, the average Caucasian nasal protuberance is fairly symmetrical. But, unfortunately, whatever its form may be—whether pure Greek, or Hebraic, or Roman,

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

There is no Successful Advertising School but the Page-Davis School

We are glad to have you ask us: "What have you done? Let me see the results of your teaching." We want you to ask us about our employed graduates who are earning from $25 to $100 per week.

Remember you are corresponding with the originators and founders of what is recognized the world over as the oldest, safest, the biggest and most substantial institution of its kind in the world. Isn't it reasonable to presume that the men who for the past five years have taught hundreds of men and women before you should be the very men to whom you should entrust your training in this important mercantile factor?

Their judgment is sought and their opinions are acted upon by employers of ad-writers all over the country. They are men whose ability to teach as well as to perform the work is universally recognized.

They are men who devote all their time to their business, and to nothing else. They have established every precedent of advertising instruction. This is the record of Edward T. Page and Samuel A. Davis.

TAUGHT THOROUGHLY BY MAIL

Send for our 84-page prospectus and bundle of affidavits.

NOTICE TO EMPLOYERS—Concerns desirous of engaging competent ad-writers are requested to communicate with us. We have placed successful ad-writers in some of the largest houses in the country. This service is gratis.

PAGE-DAVIS COMPANY, Suite 18, 167 Adams Street, Chicago

The Saturday Evening Post

ANNOUNCES FOR EARLY PUBLICATION

A NEW SERIAL STORY BY GILBERT PARKER

The author of The Right of Way is now engaged in writing for the magazine a four-part story of life in Egypt under English rule. It is the tale of a woman's struggle against slavery and her hatred of an Englishman who makes a fortune by employing slaves in the desert to work his mines. How this struggle and antagonism end in love is the tale.

Bret Harte is writing for the magazine two characteristic stories of California life based on episodes in the career of Colonel Starbottle.

The Sorrows of a Humorist is the title of two deliciously funny papers which detail the experiences of a platform comedian.

Owen Wister has just completed a new Western story, in which he tells how "The Virginian" closed his account with Trampas, and started on his wedding journey.

In **The Autobiography of an Immigrant** a young Russian Jew tells how he came to this country penniless and gave himself a scientific education.

CONJURER'S HOUSE

A Romance of the Free Forest

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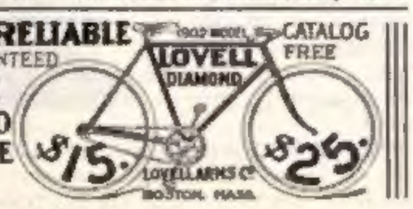

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or plain snub—it is nearly always set crooked on the face.

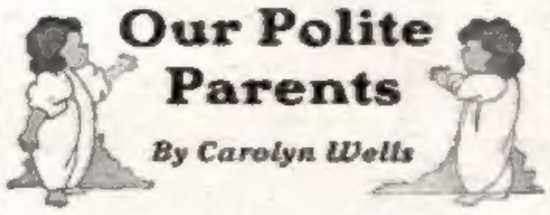
One might think that Nature is a little careless about this matter. When the nose turns off at an angle, instead of assuming its just and proper attitude, it tends, at all events in extreme cases, to give a disordered effect to the features as a whole. But, if Nature really does not care which way a nose points, there ought to be as many noses turned one way as are turned the other.

But is this the case? Not a bit of it. As you walk down the street look at the people as they go by, and you will discover that the noses of ninety-nine out of every hundred turn to the right. When once you have begun to notice this fact it will constantly attract your attention. In truth, the objection to starting in upon a study of this kind is that you cannot get away from it afterward. It haunts you steadily and persistently. Whenever you meet a friend you look at his nose, to make sure whether it turns to the right or not.

Some folk there are, indeed, who seem built on a bias—individuals whose eyes slant at an angle, or even at different angles, whose mouths in the very expansion of a smile twist downward to a sneer—persons warped from birth or by habit to perversity; with such it is the business of the criminologist to deal. But for the vast majority of plain people some simpler explanation must exist.

Now, the phenomenon being as described, what is the reason behind it? Why should nearly everybody's nose turn to the right rather than to the left? There seems to be only one way to account for it, and that is that almost everybody is right-handed, and uses his handkerchief correspondingly. So, from infancy to old age the nose, in the process of being blown and wiped, is persistently tweaked to the right. Hence, as the infant passes through childhood and later youth—when the nasal organ is malleable and in process of formation, so to speak—it is obliged gradually but surely to assume an inclination eastward.

If this theory be correct, the noses of left-handed persons ought to turn customarily to the left. Such, in fact, appears to be the case; but data on this interesting branch of the question are not sufficiently complete to afford a final conclusion.



Our Polite Parents

By Carolyn Wells

Tom and Grandpa

FROM his toes up to his shins
Tom stuck Grandpa full of pins;
Although Tom the fun enjoyed,
Grandpapa was quite annoyed.

Jeannette's Pranks

One night Jeannette, a roguish little lass,
Sneaked in the guest-room and turned on the gas;
When morning dawned the guest was dead in bed,
But "children will be children," Mamma said.

Johnny's Fun

Johnny climbed up on the bed,
And hammered nails in Mamma's head.
Though the child was much elated,
Mamma felt quite irritated.

Baby's Looks

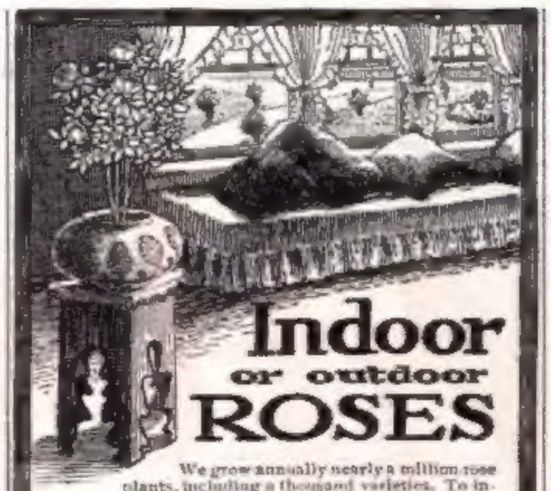
Bobby with the nursery shears
Cut off both the baby's ears;
At the baby, so unsightly,
Mamma raised her eyebrows slightly.

Sedate Mamma

When guests were present, dear little Mabel
Climbed right up on the dinner-table
And naughtily stood upon her head!
"I wouldn't do that, dear," Mamma said.

Merry Moses

Merry, funny little Moses
Burnt off both his brothers' noses;
And it made them look so queer
Mamma said: "Why, Moses, dear!"



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